THE SURVEY

Graphic Number

Vol. LXI, No. 7 January 1, 1929

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The Gist of It

DONALD RICHBERG here begins the fascinating story of a young man and how he grew up—a young man who graduated from the young University of Chicago at the turn of the century; who not only threw up his hat for the new Progressive Party in 1912 but did solid work for it; who has been deeply engaged in the law and politics and labor, and who brought to each his social bent. Each instalment will make a rounded article by itself and each, we are happy to announce, will be illustrated by J. H. Donahey of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, who bore a hand in many of the lively campaigns of which Mr. Richberg writes. Page 405.

DURING the many years of its intelligent work for decency and order in New York City and to protect young women, the Committee of Fourteen has had to meet an ever-changing situation—the old-time flaming houses of prostitution, the Raines Law hotels with their regiment of street walkers, the call-houses, and now the night clubs. Always prostitution has been found closely related to liquor and largely dependent upon the out-of-town visitors who come to the big city for a fling. GEORGE E. WORTHINGTON, general secretary of the committee, has had adequate preparation for a difficult job in his work as legal adviser and director in the Commission on Training Camp Activities, the A.E.F. and the American Social Hygiene Association. Page 413.

DIVORCE in search of freedom must be sharply distinguished from divorce in search of alimony. And there's another world of difference between those who are willing to go to any lengths to make a marriage go, and those others—often stern idealists—who will not put up with a limping substitute for the real thing. DR. IRA S. WILE discusses the situation and some ways out of the *impasse* from his long experience as physician to suffering bodies, minds—and couples; with the collaboration of MARY DAY WINN of the staff of the New York Herald Tribune. Survey Graphic will have a second article by these joint contributors before publication of their material in book form under the title, Marriage in the Modern Manner. Page 418.

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS has caught the real flavor of a countrywoman in her brief monologue on page 421. Miss Roberts was herself such a rural social worker as she sets up as the foil for her garrulous friend. She has served, too, as a Y.M.C.A. worker in the A.E.F. and with the Red Cross in the Balkans. She left social work, she writes us, "because I felt so overwhelmed by it all that I wanted to get on the sidelines and think some things through. If I could spontaneously write anything readable and yet make people think constructively toward bettering conditions, I should like to do that and get it out of my system before tackling case work again."

READERS of Survey Graphic scarcely need to be told that JOHN COLLIER is secretary of the American Indian Defense Association and the man who, perhaps more than any other individual, has stung the conscience of America over its abuse of the Indians. Here (page 425) he tells of the first hearings of the Senate investigating committee.

WINOLD REISS' pastels of Indians on the cover and on pages 429-433 of this issue, will be admired no less than his Negroes of Harlem and the South Carolina islands, his Chinese and Japanese students, and his Yankees, in earlier Graphics. For two summers and a winter Mr. Reiss lived among the Blackfeet and their kin, doing over one hundred pastel portraits. To these he expects to add others until he has built up a memorial collection of these sturdy northern tribes. The Blackfeet have no words for "Thank you," but his studio in New York is filled with their gifts to him.

MARY AUSTIN is an old and tried and ever provocative friend of Graphic readers. Her article on page 434, How I Found the Thing Worth Waiting For, was first suggested to her as one of a series by various writers on What's Worth Fighting for in American Life. She says of the article: "A lot of the trouble, a lot that we must be prepared to expect and be prepared to deal with as wisely as possible, comes from the circumstance that most people who have been seriously trying to understand or to solve the economic problem, have their minds more or less set in the pattern of dogmatic social economy. . . . I think the sun is about to rise on a new economic day, in about the quarter I have indicated. I wish to arouse the most alive of you to the advantage of getting out early in the freshness and vigor of the morning."

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"Don't know what the mothers of these young girls are thinking of!"
Drawing by J. H. Donahey

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

JANUARY 1, 1929

Volume LXI
No. 7

When We Were Flaming Youth

By DONALD RICHBERG

Drawings by J. H. Donahey

THE ball-room of the summer hotel was crowded that hot night in July, 1902. Young men and women, oppressed with heavy heads of hair and too much clothing, clung moistly together and swayed to the sweet rapture of the Dream of Heaven waltz, wherein an Oshkosh cornettist had blared his passions to the world.

The bar-room was also crowded. In one corner a pale, world-weary youngster from New York, New Haven and Hartford was ordering absinthe cocktails for a select gathering of eastern aristocracy. In the center of the room a broad, red-faced son of Wisconsin led a much larger crowd through the fifteenth repetition of "It's always fair weather when good fellows get together."

A national college fraternity was holding its annual convention and a cross-section of the "flaming youth" of my generation was here exhibiting some of the raw material of the leadership of the present day. Many of the older people lounging on the broad verandas shook their heads in ominous prophecy.

"Pretty wild boys, it seems to me."

"Don't know what the mothers of these young girls are thinking of."

"Did you hear that party come in from a moonlit sail after three o'clock this morning?"

But a peek into the convention "in secret session" the following morning would have surprised the rocking-chair brigade. The old order was in control—its bell-wether a noted yachtsman of generous and pleasing personality. The new order was challenging the old at every stage in the proceedings. Standing out from the group of rebels, a thin, dark-haired young man, wearing glasses, pointed an accusing finger at the genial chairman and lashed him with beautiful, stinging phrases. This was my first glimpse of Newton D. Baker, lover of peace and happy warrior, secretary of war in the "war to end war." Beside him rose Frederic C. Howe, always radical but a little tired even in 1902.

The fraternity convention pushed a steam-roller over the rebels that year, but the porch gossips would have understood the younger generation better if they had heard the convention debates in the morning, instead of listening at night to whispers and laughter on the dark verandas, or ribald singing in the grill-room. At the turn of the century my generation was just rising into view—with a stein on the table and the sex question in the air. Within a few years its "youth movement" had flowered into a dominant progressivism. Even the sordid politician, the

One Man's Encounters in Scouting for Progress

Donald Richberg's story starts in a college fraternity at the turn of the century. It grows quickly into an insider's account of the Progressive movement which came of age in the Roosevelt campaign of 1912, faltered in 1916, died politically when "normalcy" overwhelmed LaFollette in 1924. Social issues shifted from the ballot-box. This Chicago lawyer, still in his forties, has put his mark on the railroad-valuation case, now before the Supreme Court, which with its fabulous stakes is the prime legal battle between owners and users (of property) in our generation. His mark, also, on resort to government machinery in labor disputes. Out of these experiences, and contacts with scientists and technicians, he searches out something to take the place of the moralities of Armageddon, the legalities of court action, the cleavages of class conflict.

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Newton D. Baker, back in 1902, pointing a sharply accusing finger at the genial chairman

dull pedant, the business profiteer, the witless lawyer and the graceless theologian were paying lip service to progress. This idealism carried the nation up long roads of scientific, industrial and political achievement into and through the terrific sustained effort of the World War—and collapsed under the burdens of reconstruction.

"Where are we going?"

It is a new generation that must answer the question. The tired eyes, shrunken muscles and hardened arteries which characterize so much of the surviving "progressive leadership" are incapable. And this is well; because we need a new definition of progress. But if we seek to know where the new generation is going, we may find a clue in looking back over the road that my generation traveled—before its soul was spent and its idealism failed.

This story will be written under stern command. "Tell us what happened," says the boss, who calls himself an editor but is really a fisher of men. "You started out a healthy young materialist like a million others—and millions of you became vigorous idealists and fought the good fight and kept the faith; and great deeds were done for America—and humanity. Where were you going? Why did you stop? Are we going to move on again? If we do move, what will be the direction?"

AND so it happens that I have gone back over some thirty years, opening dusty files and reading faded letters, arguing out again old issues with Roosevelt, LaFollette, Bryan, Gompers and others who can no longer answer back. I have discussed these weather-beaten problems in different forms with Clarence Darrow and Jane Addams, with Hoover and Coolidge, with Norris and Wheeler, with scientists like Michelson and Millikan, with financiers and business men controlling billions of money power, with labor leaders guiding myriads of men, with newspaper men reaching millions of readers.

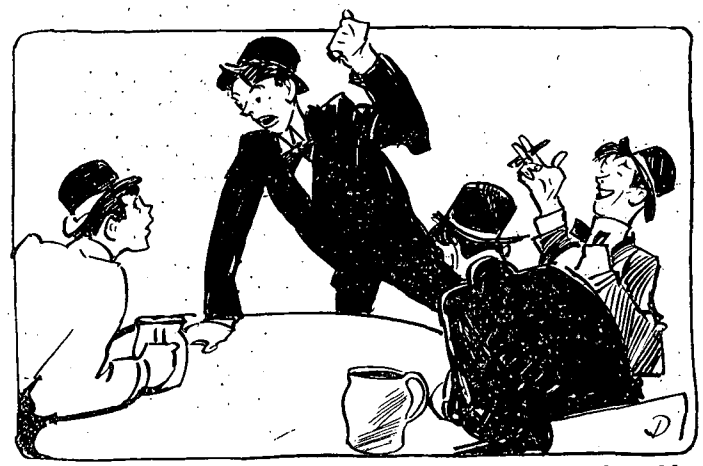
This has not been a sightseeing tour or an excursion of an inquiring reporter. I have been reviewing my own life and labor, that has brought me into close contact with the men and the forces that have shaped the last quarter-century of American life. Where are we going?—has been an ever-present question that had to be answered and that no one could answer. I have written platforms for political parties, keynote speeches for statesmen, laws for Congress and state legislatures to pass, statements for public officials to issue, opinions for courts to deliver, books and articles to promote "good" causes—and always the question arose: What is progress? Always it seemed as though a great wind were blowing. We might steer our course with it, but we could not run against it. So we must consider and debate on every occasion: Which way is the wind blowing? How far to the right or to the left *can* we steer? How far *should* we steer? Where do we want to go? And finally, regardless of our wishes, where are we going?

"DON'T try to answer the questions," says the boss. "Just write what you have seen happen and let us draw our own conclusions. The narrative of a minor actor in great events may give a better understanding than the somewhat biased writings of the stars. Also, you should write the story now while your eyes are young enough to see things as you lived them, before you begin to view them through the distorting lenses of old age."

Thus begins an experiment in democracy. We bury the Unknown Soldier as a tribute to those who served and died unhonored and unsung. Following the same idea, let an unknown soldier embalm himself amid the autobiographies of the generals as a reminder that the history of democracy should be read, not in the lengthened shadows of the lives of the great, but in the shorter shadows cast by average men. To this end I will run through "the battles, sieges, fortunes that I have passed . . . even from my boyish days to the very moment that he bade me tell it."

Looking back upon Chicago of the World's Fair era (1893) it appears that the hard-bitten materialists who created the post-Civil War prosperity were as puzzled over their children as we are now perplexed by ours. Quite shocking and pleasing were the short skirts which the high-school girls wore when riding bicycles in 1896. The "wild boys" drank and smoked and made love—"necking" is only a change in language. Less daring youths of both sexes asserted a scandalous independence of parents (and a more scandalous dependence upon them). "I didn't ask to be born." "The world owes me a living." "We only live once; let's have a good time now." This was the burden of many an exchange between adolescents.

What inspiration toward better thinking were we receiving from our parents who bowed down in daily worship of Things? "Praise John from whom oil blessings flow," was being sung with irreverent candor by the students of the new University of Chicago. The educators and the clergy were begging doles from commercial brigands (then



"At the turn of the century . . . with a stein on the table and the sex question in the air"

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as now) while clear-eyed youth sneered and poked fun (then as now). Mr. Yerkes, after a successful career of piracy and corruption, was pleased to give the new university the largest telescope in the world. *Per aspera ad astra.*

The stench of the stockyards flooded the choicest residence neighborhoods, competing ineffectively with the stench of local politics. The red-light district was growing right along with the city, snuggling close to the respectability which fostered it. Hold-up men roamed the streets at night and perennial crime waves provided a steady flow of stories to spice the regular news of politics, disaster, money-making and social scandal. Staid old people constantly expressed wonder as to "what things are coming to" (then as now).

Yet I remember little groups of "flaming youth" that sat until three o'clock in the morning arguing over questions of abstract right and wrong, debating about creation and evolution and God and eternity. My thoughts turn back to a prize sonnet on Infinity which I wrote at this time—"onward we move into the gray." Let me hasten to add that among those who fought with me over its philosophy were the shortshop on the baseball nine and the captain of the tennis team; and that the author won his college letter on the track. We were not exactly mollycoddles and no professor ever called us "grinds." We were healthy young materialists, just beginning to question the value of the ideas that had come with mother's milk and father's money. The healthy young materialists of today show signs of the same questioning.

RUMBLINGS of a "revolt of youth" were audible when I graduated from the University of Chicago in 1901 and a miniature advance storm appeared in that fraternity convention of 1902 with which I began.

"What is it all about?" asked my roommate.

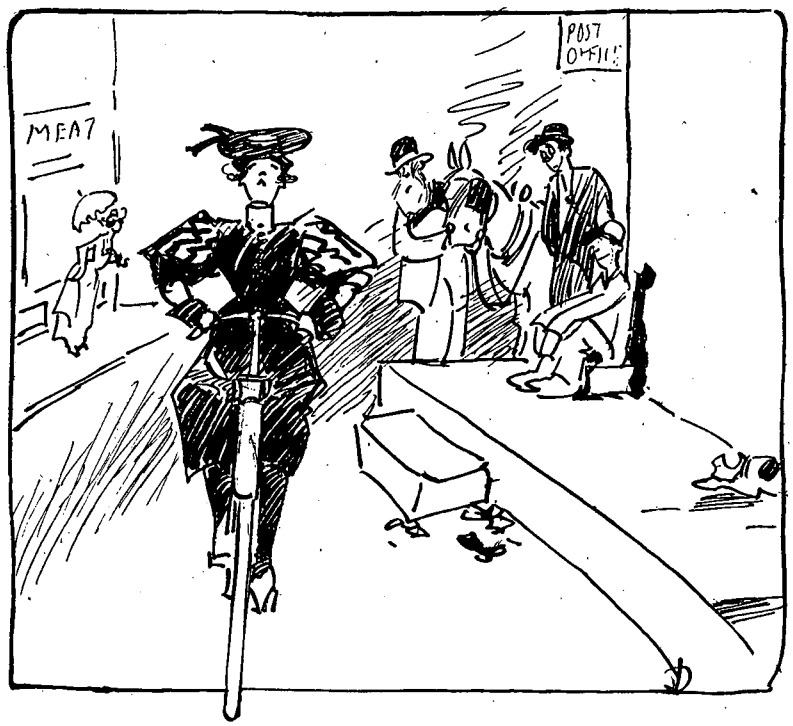
"Oh, it's just a new gang that wants to put out an old gang and run the show," was my response, reflecting the surface cynicism of the very young collegian (then as now).

"That answers nothing," was his retort. "Every generation is a new gang ordained to throw out the old gang. The fellows that toady to the old crowd are shirking their job. It's our job to bring in new ideas, to clean house, to tear down old buildings and to put up better ones. If this Baker crowd is right, I'm going to join them."

We decided that the Baker crowd was "right" then—and, by the same token, it is pretty sure to be "wrong" now. Its spirit of insurgency had a lasting quality but the oncoming generation must have something better to offer than the progressivism of either Roosevelt or Wilson.

The plunge from college into business drives the "idealistic nonsense" out of many a young head. A new desire to be practical and successful (intensified often, as in my case, by family obligations) takes possession of the mind. Within a few days of graduation from Harvard Law School in 1904, I passed the Illinois bar examinations and began practicing with my father. What an interesting new world it was! Full of hard-headed, soft-hearted men viciously fighting for money and power and spending their gains for the most part with sentimental generosity. At first I thought my father an exception, slugging his way to a victory and then scattering the profits immediately among his none-too-grateful dependents. Gradually I learned that this was the accepted code.

POLITICAL issues and moralities soon interested me. Our office represented the city treasurer and the Board of Assessors for many years. We were constantly engaged in efforts either to milk the public or to protect it, the latter performance apparently justifying the first. The city treasurer at that time paid his office expense and made what he could out of the use of public money. The principal bankers signed the treasurer's bond. It was our job as lawyers to protect the bankers from any liability through misuse of funds. In this capacity, we were watchdogs of the treasury. But the bankers also made an agreement whereby they paid interest to the treasurer on public money deposited. Thus it was also our job to see that the treasurer collected as much money as possible. The office was worth $200,000 to a well-advised treasurer!



"Quite shocking and pleasing were the short skirts which the high-school girls wore when riding bicycles in 1896"

Later the law was changed so that the interest was paid to the city. But the treasurer could favor banks with large inactive deposits or disfavor them with active accounts. So private agreements assured the treasurer of a fair reward for valuable favors. But "gentlemen's agreements" are dangerous. One year certain gentlemen bankers refused to pay their share of the "interest split." Curiously enough the one banker who demanded most profanely and sincerely that the agreement should be kept was John R. Walsh, who was later sent to jail for violating the banking laws directly, in the same way that other banks were violating them indirectly. Candor and simplicity in law violation is not good business practice, I discovered soon in the law office.

Another city treasurer was sued for a large amount of money which he had legally retained. For a long period he faced not only bankruptcy, but loss of a well-founded public respect and the ruin of his political future. When we won the case we were exceptionally pleased. Long afterward the clerk of the Supreme Court, a personal friend of

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our client, related with much pride how he had taken the judge who was writing the opinion for a buggy ride, how he had explained what a splendid character our client was, and that he would be ruined by an adverse decision, how he had argued the law and the facts with tears in his eyes and voice, until he felt sure that he had brought the judge around to his point of view—and won our case for us. Thus I learned that a lawyer does not always know why he wins or loses a case.

During many years' service as attorney for the Board of Assessors, I obtained an intimate knowledge of how political parties are financed. The power to tax is well described as the power to destroy; and the taxation laws bestow this power most effectively. A strict enforcement of the revenue laws of Illinois (and many other states) would have outrageous consequences. Estates, trust funds, small householders and business enterprises would be literally plundered. Since nobody really wants the taxation laws enforced, they are disregarded by common consent. The tax officials are expected to do "what is right;" that is, to assess enough taxes to meet public needs and to spread the burden around the community so that it will not fall too heavily on any one. But since this is government by favor instead of by law, naturally some persons can be exceptionally favored. Logically, those who make campaign contributions will be recognized as specially deserving, together with thoughtful friends who provide profitable business for the assessors. A lawyer who was a tax official built up a stupendous clientele while in office, and acquired a fortune. He has made large contributions to higher education and has become a national leader in his church and political party. Another tax official, being a business man who somehow never could make business pay, became the head of a great corporation and the chief collector of national and local campaign funds.

Tax exemption by favor is one thing, but exemption by law yields no profit. So a suit was brought to tax the two principal newspapers, the largest bank and other wealthy concerns occupying exempt public property under ninety-nine-year leases. We claimed these private leaseholds were taxable, and the leases required the lessees to pay all taxes. The case involved more than a million dollars a year in taxes and, against the acknowledged leader of the bar, we won a unanimous decision in the State Supreme Court. Shortly thereafter a lawyer of notable political influence, chief adviser for the largest utilities, filed a petition for rehearing, privately informing us that he thought the case had been "grossly mismanaged." He must have managed it better, because four judges out of seven changed their opinions on rehearing and upheld the exemption.

THE law practice of my early years was not all political. We represented coal companies, insurance companies, newspapers, department stores, estates, and individuals both rich and poor. The human contacts were always more interesting to me than the cases. I can remember a late evening discussion with Stuyvesant Fish, then in a death grapple with E. H. Harriman. The question involved was whether to spend five thousand dollars more for legal aid in support of his lawsuit for control of the Illinois Central. "I have a very expensive wife," sighed Mr. Fish. The money was not spent and Harriman won.

There comes to mind the pathetic picture of the banker Walsh sitting in his library facing prison at the end of a long life of ruthless war against all who blocked his path. "What is there for me today? Three meals and a place to sleep. I've been working for my boys. It's them I'm thinking about." His long, trembling fingers wove in and out incessantly. I thought of them years later when I wrote a verse: "Empty hands that had grasped all in vain."

Then there was John Alexander Dowie, founder of Zion City. I saw him in his pride and glory, building his church in Chicago; saw him descend upon New York to bring salvation to the "wanton city;" listened to him rave at the newspapers, trampling on them as he stormed up and down his truly "palatial" suite in the Hotel Plaza; watched him create his Zion City, where there should be no tobacco, no alcohol, no pork, no oysters—and most important of all, where the will of Dowie should be law, although he called it "the will of God." Dowie built a prosperous city on the lake shore half way between Milwaukee and Chicago or, as he put it, "half way between Beer and Babel." Then disease came to him—the apostle of divine healing—and he died, and I helped his widow and son save a very small fortune out of the ruin of a great dream of riches and power—and religion.

SOMEHOW Dowie is linked in my mind with a much greater man, President Harper of the University of Chicago. They were the two most powerful personalities with whom I associated in my youth—utterly different and yet remarkably alike. After I had helped to clear up the wreckage of Dowie's failure, I spoke for the alumni at the dedication of the library reared as a memorial to Harper's success. The relentless energy with which he built his "city gray that ne'er shall die" scared careful trustees and shocked pious bookkeepers. But his achievements were bigger than his deficits; and, while the cancer specialists watched with awe, and private secretaries worked all night with reddened eyes, he drove on and on to win his game before the early, cruel call of time. Very near and very far apart ran the ways of the fanatic faith-healer of Zion City and the enthusiastic truth-seeker on the Midway.

The early years of law practice are blurred as I look back; far less distinct than previous years at school. They were meaningless years of groping; and the fog of an uncertain purpose hangs over them still. Days of poring over books and dictating interminable arguments. Days of nervous tension and strain, arguing motions and trying cases in stuffy court-rooms. Days of wrangling and worrying over a thousand petty questions of no real importance.

These days were followed by nights of smoking and drinking and dancing and eating and singing and wasting time in all sorts of pleasant ways. Frequently there were tennis games in the summer afternoons. Sometimes, in the nude democracy of the shower-bath, Professor Millikan would try to explain the electron to a young lawyer whose interest was greater than his comprehension. Or Professor Michelson would take me down into the basement of his nearby laboratory and talk in simple terms about a machine that ran night and day scratching lines on a metal plate—by which light could be analyzed and secrets of infinite space be revealed. And mostly I marvelled at the everlasting patience and courage of these men who won Nobel prizes—not by flashes of genius, but by relentless, unceasing work, illuminated by godlike imagination and sustained by child-like faith.

There were private theatricals at the clubs in the winter. I wrote short sketches and long plays, and songs and verses—all of little consequence; but it was amusing. Once I wrote a full comic opera, which (*Continued on page* 461)

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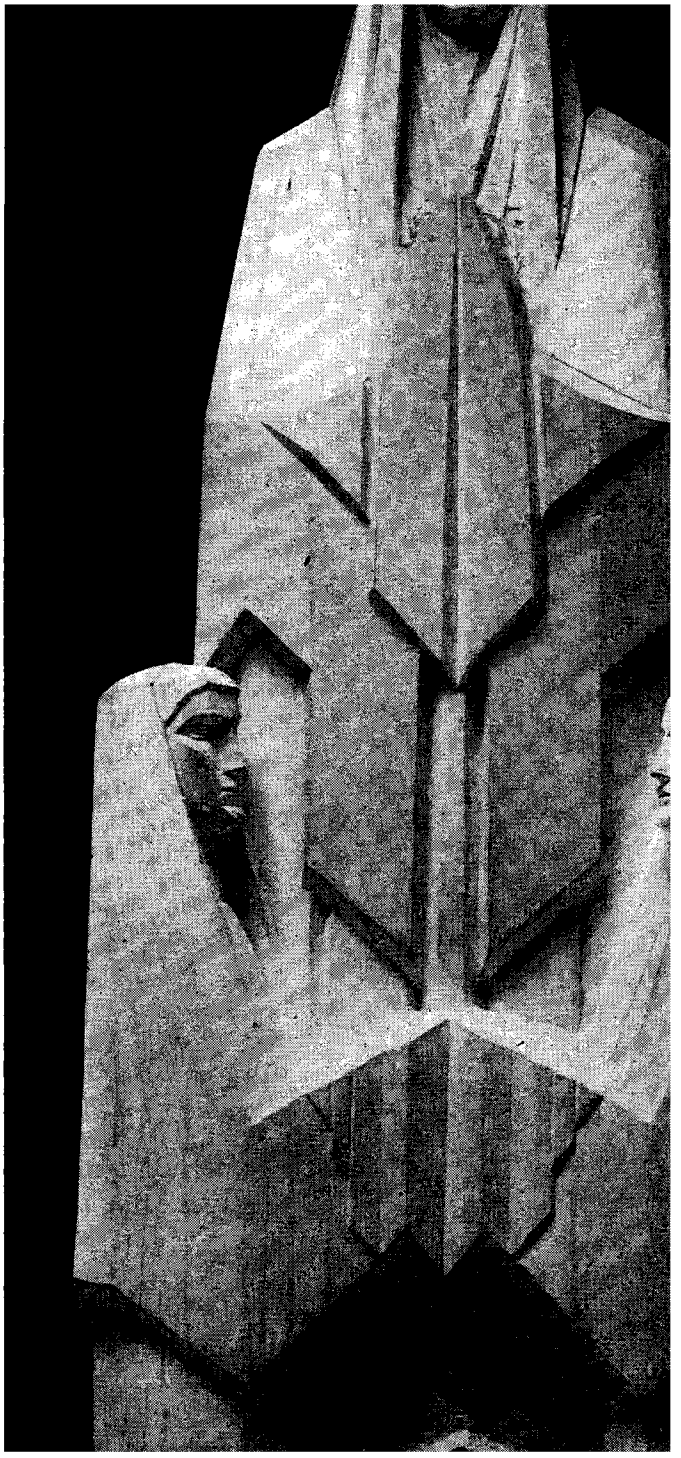
Sculpture for a Modern Church

by Robert Garrison



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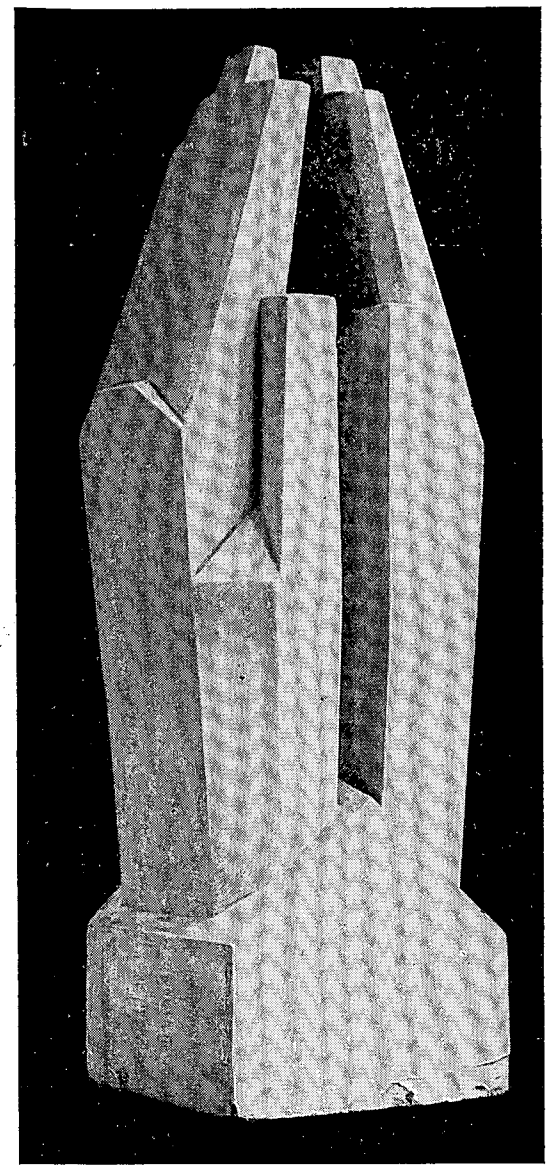
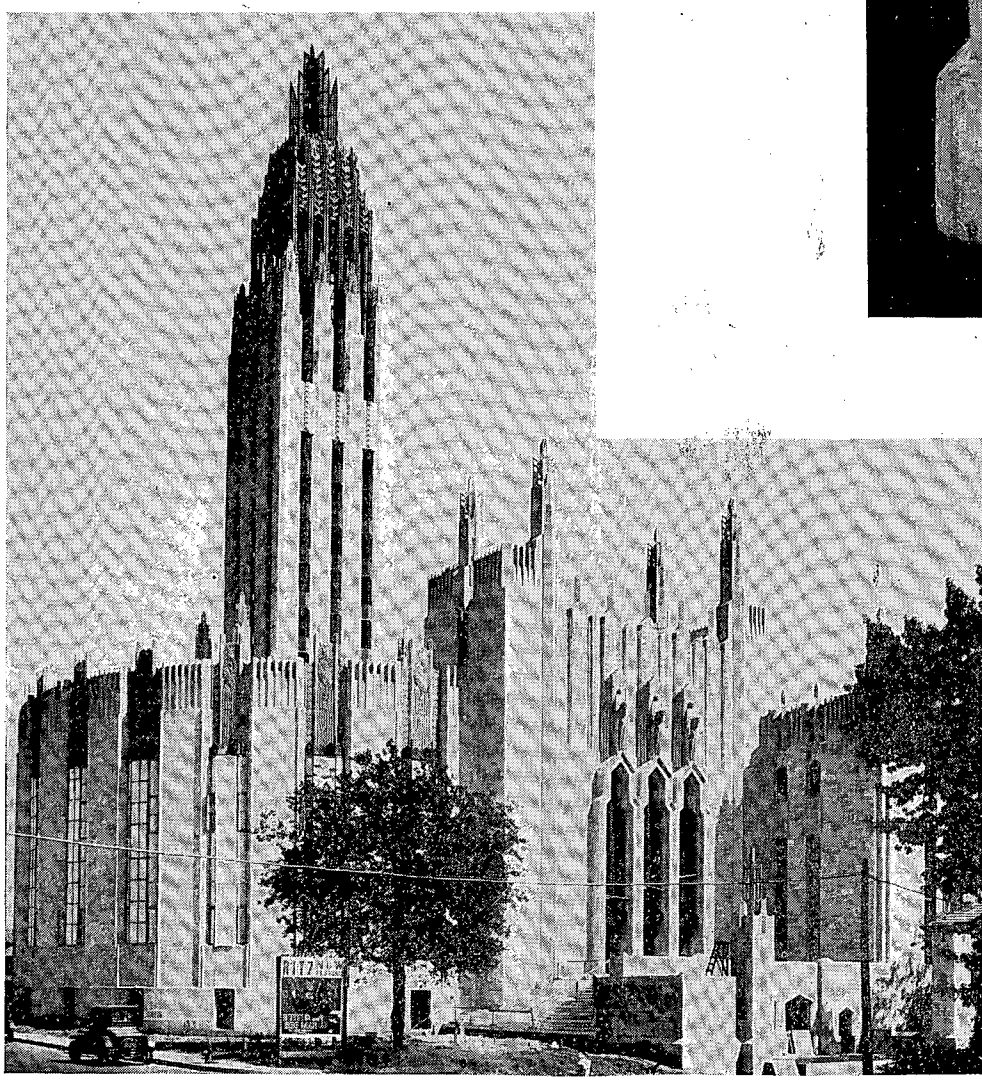
AN experiment in modernistic church building is being completed in Tulsa, Oklahoma, for the Boston Avenue Methodist Church South. Adah M. Robinson, an artist and a member of the church, designed this building of Indiana limestone. The spire stands out in pleasant harmony with the towering new buildings of the town. Stained-glass windows, grilles, pews and all the details are to be modern in character. Robert Garrison, now at work in New York, has made unusual terra cotta figures for the exterior, some of which are here reproduced.





Rising above the line of the roof and surrounding the top of the spire is a succession of huge hands folded in prayer, which carry the eye upward

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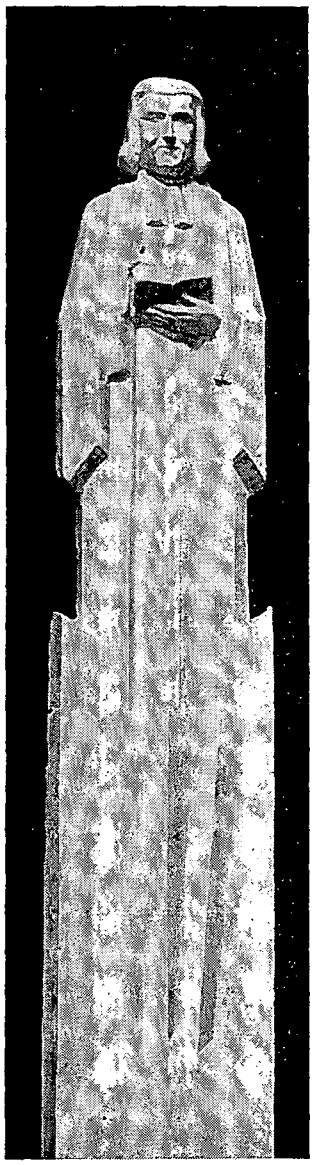
Effigies of John, Charles and Susanne Wesley appear over one of the entrances (below)

Male head, detail in doorway group

Three mounted preachers of early circuit-riding days are above the other entrance (below)



FOR the doorway decorations the sculptor has made six groups, similar in treatment but varying in details. They signify the three functions of the church: worship, religious education and missions; in each case a central authoritative figure flanked by kneeling male and female figures. The motive of three is consistently followed throughout in the decorations. Robert Garrison does not use this simplified, angular modern style in all his sculpture; he varies the treatment according to the architectural design. His frieze for a Denver bank, with figures historically American, is Romanesque, and he is now at work on Gothic figures for Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's new church on Riverside Drive in New York City. Mr. Garrison is in his early thirties. He was formerly a pupil of Miss Robinson in the highschool art class in Tulsa and gives her credit for his development. It was she who, convinced of his talent, persuaded his parents that he should go east for further study. After leaving the Pennsylvania Academy he became an assistant to the sculptor, Gutzon Borglum. Since then he has worked mainly in Denver, where he has had marked success.

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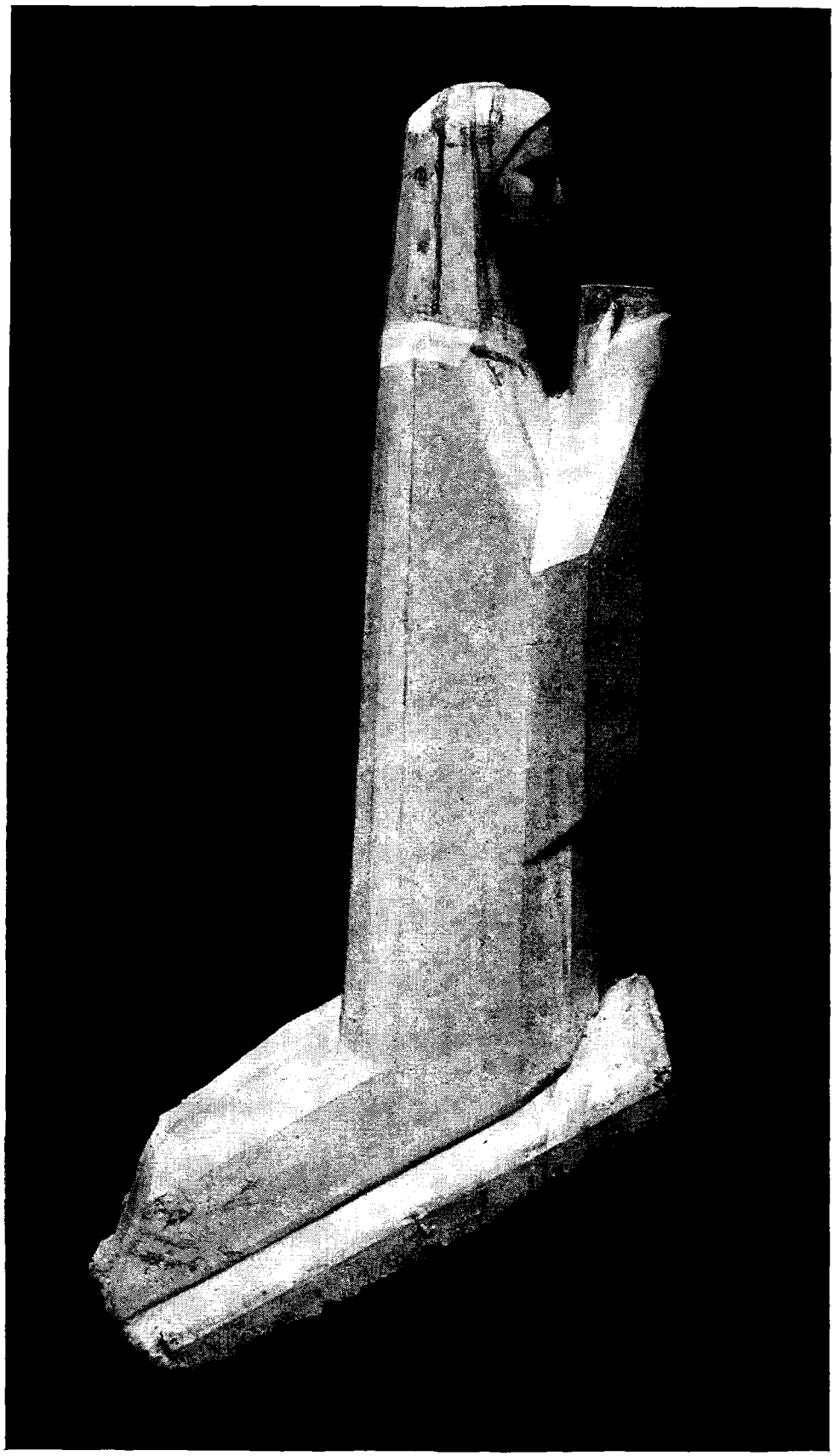

KNEELING WOMAN

Terra cotta figure by Robert Garrison for the Tulsa church

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The Night Clubs of New York

By GEORGE E. WORTHINGTON

EAST SIDE, West Side and all around the town, alike behind the white lights of Broadway and the somber brownstone fronts in quiet side streets, night clubs have been springing up in New York as suddenly and unexpectedly as mushrooms in rainy weather. A line of limousines and taxicabs parked in front of a dark house may be the only outward and visible sign. You ring a bell and a wary eye surveys you through a peephole; then, if the omens are good (that is, if you resemble neither a policeman nor a federal officer), the door is opened a crack for further enquiry, which may include the demand for a password or a "membership card," and finally you are admitted. What goes on inside?

Popularly it has been supposed that the night club, like the mushroom, is a symptom of wetness, in other words, by-product of the prohibition act. The outstanding characteristic that the clandestine places have in common is that they sell liquor. But last summer even those fairly well informed in New York's vagaries were amazed by a report from the Committee of Fourteen, giving the preliminary findings of a study of night clubs, in which it was shown beyond dispute that the cover of secrecy necessary in dispensing synthetic gin or bootleg whiskey is cloaking still less reputable activities.

For the past fifteen years New York has justified the claim of being the cleanest metropolis in the United States, if not in the world, so far as commercialized prostitution is concerned. Until 1923 there was a steady decline, and even then there was but a very slight and inconsiderable increase until 1926. But now for three years, with the rise of the speakeasy and the night club, the swing is in the other direction. Apparently illicit liquor is not enough to keep many of these enterprises going in fierce competition with each other, and still more primitive entertainment is provided on demand or almost forced on their patrons. In the completed study, from which the data of this article is taken, the Committee of Fourteen reports the investigation of 373 night clubs and speakeasies in the past eighteen months. Of these, 52 are believed to be "respectable." From the remaining 321, there are reports on 806 hostesses and other women employes, of whom 487 acknowledged that they were prostitutes. In addition, there are reports on 418 other prostitutes who were permitted to solicit customers and 260 procurers, connected with the business of commercialized prostitution, who were found in these clubs.

"Night club" is a term popularly used to cover many varieties of enterprises, some of which may not even operate at night. It does not accurately describe the place which is open from 11 A.M till 6 P.M.; nor can it be correctly applied to the public cabaret whose patrons are not required to be members, even though many such places incorporate the word "club" in their names. While all of the clandestine "clubs" are speakeasies, not all speakeasies are clubs.

The clubs, accurately speaking, require some form of membership. A prospective patron is introduced by a "club member," or by a taxi driver, or by a tout or runner, the three latter receiving a percentage of the expenditures of each new prospect on his first visit. Frequently strangers are admitted with no introduction at all, if they have something to identify them as ordinary citizens. The only persons who are prima facie ineligible to membership are those who are known to be federal revenue officers or policemen.

Every person not recognized as an officer of the law who enters the place is given a "membership card" and thenceforth is a full-fledged member with all the rights and privileges thereunto appertaining. Registration of name and address in a registry book is sometimes required. In reality membership has no technical significance. The so-called "members" are persons believed to be bona-fide customers. Patronage is stimulated by circularizing selected lists, such as the Social Register, social clubs, and the like, and enclosing an application for a "membership card." The following invitation was received by the writer through the mails:

> Dear Sir:
>
> Kindly fill in your name and address and return to us, we will be pleased to mail you a membership card of our exclusive ..... Club, ... West 56th Street, New York. Telephone Circle.....
>
> Name .....
>
> Address .....

Some of these "clubs" have actually incorporated under the state Membership Corporation Act, since certain magistrates have ruled that clubs thus incorporated are not subject to the provisions of the city curfew ordinance which requires night clubs and cabarets to close at 3 A. M.

OF course it is obvious that these places are, in reality, not clubs at all. They are places which were originated to thwart the prohibition act and are still popularly considered only as violators of that law. It is difficult to place them under one general classification, because they shade up into the realm of the respectable cabaret and they shade

What Goes On Inside?

The doors swing open to the sedate couple from up-state in search of a peep at night life. College students in town for a lark. Young New Yorkers seeking an escape from the family flat. And mingling with them, runners passing out the cards of joints where you can meet some "swell" girls. Sophisticated patrons ready to take anything money will buy. Professional prostitutes plying their trade. Even crooks and gunmen from the underworld. What goes on behind those doors, not as the chance visitor sees it, but as the trained investigators of the responsible Committee of Fourteen found it in eighteen months of inquiry, is told by Mr. Worthington.

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Jean

JEAN, who is nineteen, was convicted in the Women's Court of offering to commit prostitution and was sentenced at her request to the reformatory for rehabilitation; otherwise she would have received probation, as it was her first offense. "I talked it over with my girl friend," she said, "and she told me that the best thing for my nerves and health would be to give myself up to the police." Jean and her girl friend came to New York last fall from the Pacific Coast, hoping to get jobs as show girls in some Broadway production. After making the rounds without success, the girl friend got a place in a restaurant.

Jean, who still had ambitions for the stage, went to a booking agency and was placed in a night club as a hostess. The rules at this club were that she should be as agreeable as possible to the male customers, that she must always refuse to drink any liquor which they had brought in, telling them that she had to stick to her own brand, thus getting each man to purchase as many drinks as possible in the place. She must also send out from time to time for food, which the guest was to purchase for her, and in every other way do all she could to get the man to spend his money. Her pay was to be in the tips which he might give her. Later on she learned that she could not keep her position if she refused to go out with the male guests after the club closed at seven o'clock in the morning.

"You don't know how deadening it was," she said, "to drink that rotten stuff for hours and hours every night. I lost my health. I constantly had indigestion and headaches, and I didn't care what happened to me. Finally I decided that it would be better for me if I chose my own customers rather than let the night-club proprietor pick them out for me. Nothing could be worse than those hours of drinking and trying to be nice to men whether I liked them or not, and making them spend all the money I could get out of them. So I quit and made arrangements with a bell-boy in the hotel where the men had been taking me after the club closed, but I couldn't get my health back. I felt so rotten that the money I made didn't do me any good. I couldn't enjoy anything. I decided to give myself up to see if I would get any help by being put in an institution."

down to the prostitution dive, with many on the border-line.

In this fact lies the distinction between the disreputable night club and its forerunners in the long history of *maisons de tolerance*. To it come all classes and conditions of people. The place may have every outward earmark of respectability, and those of its customers who are not obvious easy marks will never suspect what is going on, unless under the genial influence of drinks and the charm of the "hostesses" they can be led to seek entertainment beyond that which they originally intended.

Investigators on the staff of the committee, while dining in a public restaurant in Greenwich Village, made an acquaintance who gave them an entrée to a "club" on West Seventy-first Street (a residential section). The place was a brownstone house with no signs or lights. The men were received in an entry hall off the stoop-entrance, where a check-room girl divested them of coats and hats. A stairway led to upper and lower floors. They were ushered into a room at the back of the entry hall, where there were tables, at several of which were men and young women drinking. In the center was space for dancing.

The proprietor suggested that the men meet a couple of "hostesses." Upon their assent, he telephoned, and shortly two attractive young women arrived. Further investigation revealed that the place, innocent appearing as it seemed, instead of being a night club as they supposed, was a speak-easy house of prostitution. There were bed-rooms on the upper floors, and the two "hostesses" were call-prostitutes.

When this place was reported to the police, seven arrests were made. The proprietor was charged with renting rooms for prostitution. All were convicted; the girls were placed on probation, and the men received work-house sentences. The place was closed.

SUCH a finding as this, repeated many times in the course of the investigation, shows that this comparatively new institution of the clandestine club is providing what New York has lacked for many years—a place for the exploitation of women by newly established commercializers. It is a quarter of a century since the policy of repression as opposed to toleration was adopted in New York and it now is taken for granted by the average New Yorker. The older aspects of prostitution have been held in check: "street walkers" and "call-houses" are still declining. In ten years only one instance of forced prostitution, or "white slavery," has been found and prosecuted under the felony act. The present turn of the situation comes as a surprise, even to those most closely in touch with New York life, including private as well as the public enforcement agencies. That it is becoming recognized even popularly is illustrated humorously in the earnest plea of the manager of the Footlight Club, arraigned recently in the West Side Court. "Your Honor," he insisted, "my place is not a night club. It is just a plain speakeasy."

Essential to all night clubs, whether respectable or not, are the hostesses, known in the vernacular as "sucker bait." Under the most respectable circumstances the hostess is employed to attract men to the place and increase the sales of everything it dispenses. If she cannot do this she is of no

Mimi

MIMI is twenty-six and a Parisian by birth. In 1919 she married an American soldier, and returned to this country with him. The marriage did not prove a success. Mimi sent her five-year-old daughter back to Paris to live with her grandmother, and became a member of the chorus of a traveling show. She found that she could save very little money to send to her child, and came to New York to find something better. She got a position as an entertainer in the night club of a well-known Broadway character. When that club was padlocked she was made the chief entertainer of another short-lived club, where her name appeared in "lights." Then she became a hostess in one of the "gyp joints."

Mimi found that she needed a great deal of money for her costumes, and she realized that the expenses of her child on the other side of the water were constantly increasing. She began to take men customers to her home after closing hours in the morning, and made arrangements with a taxi driver to bring her trade in the late afternoon. Her name was also on the call-list of a call-flat on Riverside Drive, which was as luxurious in its furnishing as the haunts of vice pictured in the movies. Mimi's career was interrupted by an automobile accident, in which her skull was fractured, while on a drunken joy-ride with one of her best customers.

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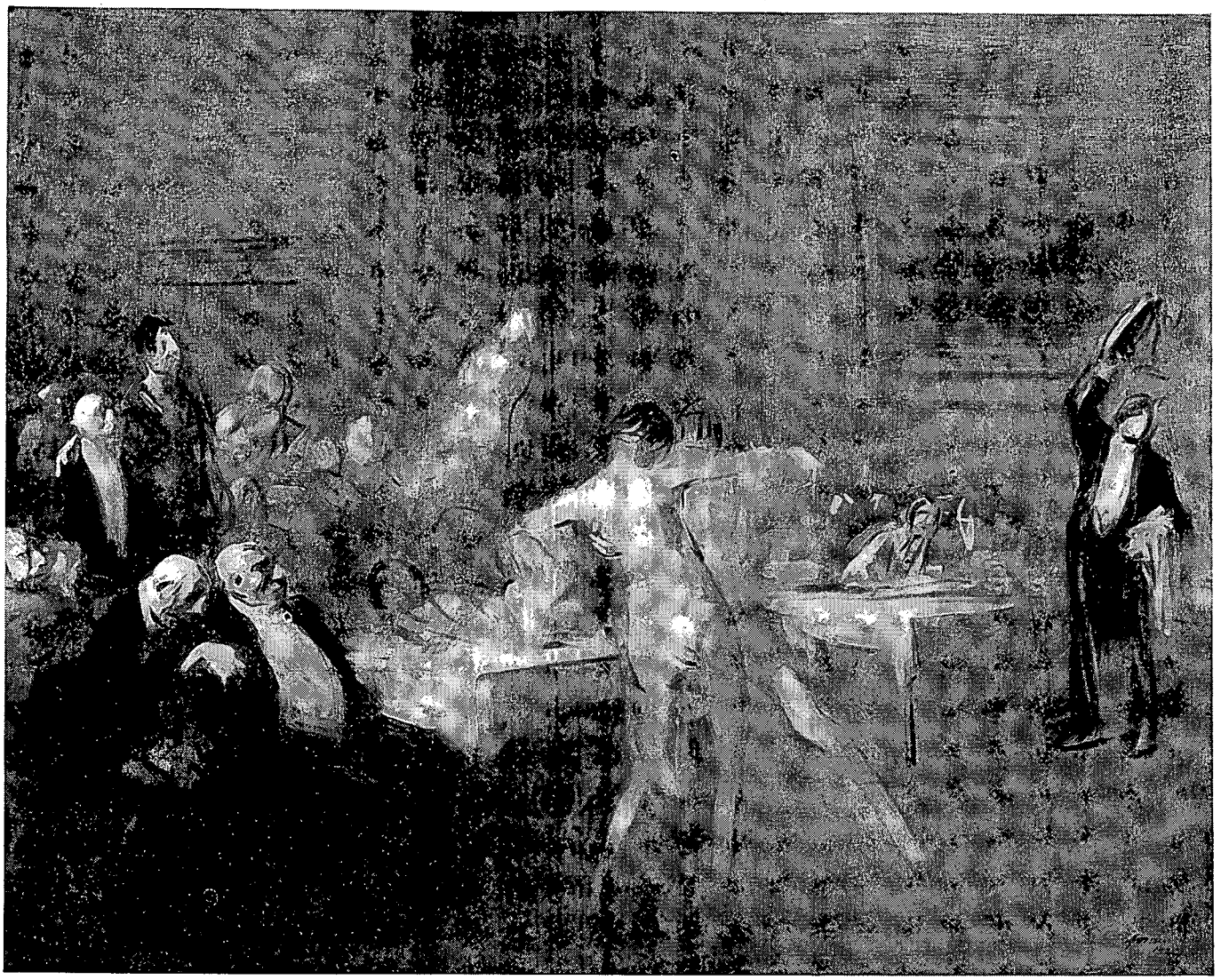

Courtesy the Chester Dale Collection, New York

THE CHARLESTON
By Jean Louis Forain

value to the place whether it is good or bad. She may receive a regular salary or be paid by commissions on the drinks, food and souvenirs that she can induce men patrons to buy. She is the successor to the old-time drink rustler, who worked in bars on a commission basis many years ago —the nearest American approach to the geisha girls of Japan.

In the "gyp joints" the hostesses are out-and-out gold-diggers, dependent on the tips they can extract from their customers and such other financial arrangements as they choose to make with them. One applicant for a job was told tips might be expected to average forty dollars a week. Here the question of prostitution is left to the girls' own inclinations. "We tell them," smiled a proprietor, "to let their conscience be their guide." In some places proprietors knowingly employ prostitutes as hostesses, or even require the occasional pursuit of that profession by other regular members of their staff. Where this is not required of the employed hostesses, the proprietors may have a call-list of prostitutes who can be summoned by telephone. The customer is asked to describe the type of girl he desires, and she comes at once to the club, encouraging him to sit there and drink as long as his good nature permits before leaving for some place of assignation.

Regardless of the method of payment for their regular duties, hostesses in all of the clubs investigated were encouraged to bring new customers to the place and always received a liberal commission on the amount spent by such a guest on his first visit. In a few of the clubs a new hostess was engaged for a probationary period of two weeks, and not hired permanently unless she brought in an adequate number of new patrons.

Thus the army of "hostesses" is composed of all sorts and types and varying degrees of respectability. There are many new recruits, who come in answer to advertisements or through booking agencies, innocent and ignorant enough to believe that the term is still used in its older meaning. Show girls from Broadway provide another source of supply. These girls get no pay during the four weeks that a production is under rehearsal, when they are required to be at the theater practically all day. If they lack money to tide them through until it opens, night clubs offer one of the few chances for a job in the remaining hours of the day. Women also are employed in the night clubs in several perfectly legitimate capacities—as singers, dancers, or members of a revue and as check-room and cigarette girls. Sometimes these, too, are called upon to act as part-time hostesses.

The investigators listed 107 night clubs in the narrower

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Olga

WHEN Olga first appeared she was one of twenty hostesses in an all-night "gyp joint" in the Broadway white-light area. The proprietress had once been the madame of a house of prostitution. Here, however, the hostesses were expected to be gold-diggers rather than prostitutes. They must be on duty all night; must "be so nice to the man" that he would form something akin to a real affection for them, and at the same time they must get him to spend all the money they could. The hostess was never to drink liquor brought in by the customer, but only the club's own. When a man offered her a cigarette she must inquire the brand and tell him she did not smoke that kind, then order a different brand from the cigarette girl at the customer's expense.

The hostess must always appear to be hungry and order sandwiches or Chinese food from time to time. She must try to get the customer to buy her flowers or souvenirs which are brought to the customer's table from time to time. While remembering her own tips, the hostess must not forget that the musicians and entertainers want something too, and the customer must understand that he is the contributor.

Olga had fled to Paris with Russian refugees of the better class at the time of the 1917 revolution, and came on to New York with some of her compatriots, believing this country to be a haven. She could sing a little and dance a little bit less, and hoped to secure a position on the stage or at least as an entertainer. The best she could do was to become a hostess. While here, however, she was very careful of herself, hoping all the time that she could get something better to do, and studying music and dancing on the side.

She was not seen again until nearly a year later. This time she was hostess in a small club which had three Russian entertainers, but she was not one of them. In addition to acting as hostess, she was commissioned to sell liquor by the bottle to the guests and was placed in charge of the club's liquor supply. Here she had become a high-class prostitute. The place where she was working closed at two o'clock in the morning and she was free to carry on her profession afterward, making appointments with guests at the club and securing customers in other ways. One of her methods was to frequent *thé-dansants* in better-class hotels in the late afternoon. Here, from time to time, she succeeded in picking up men with money. Her solicitations at the club became so marked that the place was raided by the police and several arrests were made. Olga escaped. The club was padlocked and at the present time Olga is a fugitive from justice.

sense of that term, meaning places which issued membership cards, employed hostesses and sold intoxicating liquors. Aside from these, reports were made on 205 speakeasies, where women are not employed but where they enter unaccompanied; where recognized prostitutes are permitted to make the acquaintance of male guests; and where occasionally one or more rooms are provided to facilitate the prostitute's profession, with an extra rental charge to her and her customer. There are still other speakeasies for men only, and some respectable "family" speakeasies where pick-ups are not permitted.

IT is doubtful if the clandestine club could succeed if it were not for the out-of-town visitor and pleasure-seeker. In some, at least, it is seldom that a guest returns for a second visit. "Out-of-town buyers" receive a royal welcome; the best the place has is put at their disposal. Occasionally the stranger suffers the distressing experience of having his pocket picked or his check raised. At best he is hard put to it to resist the gold-digging proclivities of a well-trained hostess, and more often than not, brought face to face with the opportunities for prostitution; he will leave New York sure that it is a city of dives. During the football season and the holidays, young college men make the rounds, especially of the less expensive places. Some clubs and speakeasies with an air of pseudo-respectability, cater especially to young people and call themselves "collegiate." Girls, coming singly or in groups unaccompanied by men, were found in many clubs. Some of these, who appeared highly respectable, told of being employed by day as clerks and stenographers; two, who said they were employed by one of the best department stores in the city, declared that they had not been home for more than twenty-four hours, coming from the job to the club and spending the night there, then returning directly to work at 8.30 in the morning. Cards to the clubs are distributed on college campuses, and very freely in dance-halls or restaurants to which the club runners gain access, and even on the streets.

One of the committee's investigators, for example, was accosted on one of the upper Forties, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, by a runner who asked him if he would not like to go to an exclusive place nearby to meet some girls. He was taken to the stoop entrance of a brownstone house, eyed through the peephole, then admitted and introduced to the proprietress, who at once gave him a membership card. There were four rooms in the place, the largest with tables for eating and drinking and a space for dancing in the center. Another, occupied by several young couples engaged in petting, was furnished as a living-room, with sofas, easy chairs, shaded lamps and a piano. Adjoining this was a private room for assignation, and at the rear a bar, fitted out like an ocean liner.

This club was incorporated under the Membership Corporation Law of the State of New York as a "society." The personnel included a madame, four hostesses and a bartender. The male guests were invited first to the bar for a drink by a hostess and then solicited to enter the small room for the purpose of prostitution. The madame, in addition, maintained nearby a luxuriously furnished apartment, where men who passed inspection might be taken by a hostess employed in the place, or where girls from a call-list would be supplied by the madame.

Young men and women of apparent respectability came to this place as guests and mingled freely with the inmates and habitues of the place. One party of two young couples, chaperoned by an elderly man, was observed to enter the bar and exclaim over the uniqueness of its fittings. All five were soon under the influence of the bad liquor. One of these couples, who had been petting furiously and were obviously drunk, were led into the small room by a hostess. When they returned after the lapse of half an hour, the girl's new silk frock was badly torn.

Before this party left, a quantity of cards were given to them to pass out among their friends, reading:

(Phone) Bryant .....
SCHOOL OF ELOCUTION
Courses in
Literature Vocal Training
Dramatic Arts Dancing
Rehearsal Hall
Under the auspices of the .... West 48th St.
..... Society, Inc. New York

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Such cards provide a good alibi for young people who want to spend their evenings away from home and can thus prove to an enquiring parent that they were at "school."

There is no doubt that the police were as ignorant of the true nature of this place as were its new guests. Probably they believed that it was an ordinary private club or speakeasy. As soon as it was reported, arrests were made. The madame and hostess-prostitutes were convicted under the prostitution laws and were sentenced to an institution; four of the five were found to be diseased. The bartender was convicted and fined under the federal prohibition law, and both the club and the call-house apartment were closed.

The interest of the Committee of Fourteen in the New York night clubs is that of the modern, unemotional and scientific approach to an age-old problem. The committee has undertaken to obtain the facts in regard to all kinds of prostitution, so that this is only one aspect of its work, though at present the newest and most puzzling. The Committee of Fourteen is not a reform organization. It was organized in 1905 in the rooms of the City Club of New York by a small group of prominent and representative business and professional men and women to undertake to carry out the recommendations of the Committee of Fifteen, which during the five years immediately preceding, had found a most serious condition in the tie-up between vice and the Raines Law hotels. An administration which has permitted vice and crime to get out of hand was defeated by an aroused citizenry. This main object accomplished, the Committee of Fifteen disbanded, leaving many practical problems of legislation and enforcement to be dealt with by other groups.

THE Committee of Fourteen, under the leadership of the late Frederick H. Whitin, centered its efforts in legislation and research. A very careful study was published in 1910 under the title, The Social Evil in New York City. This study was not only responsible for legislative changes relating to vice laws, but it probably was the compelling factor leading to the formation of the Page Commission during Governor Hughes' administration and resulting in a complete reorganization of the Inferior Criminal Courts of New York City. Thus the history of the Committee of Fourteen to the present time has been that of finding the facts, particularly with reference to commercialized prostitution, and suggesting remedies in the way of law enforcement, legislation, and administrative and court changes.

The diversity among the night clubs and speakeasies is so great as to make generalizations as to the present course difficult. The hope for improvement may be achieved only by facing the facts and then seeking to apply remedies—a panacea is not suggested. Perhaps some way of stopping up the loopholes in the licensing law will be found. Inasmuch as the most vicious places are selling liquor, the simplest solution would be a real and complete enforcement of the Volstead Act. With the present limited instrumentalities, possibly this is too much to expect. Perhaps the most hopeful possibility for the present prohibition situation is the suggested appointment of a federal commission, non-partisan and non-sectarian, with expert representation, which will study just what has happened in the United States during the past eight years and what is happening at the present time with reference to prohibition. The same unbiased study might be made of other countries which have tried either absolute or modified prohibition. The findings of such a commission might point the way to an ultimate solution.

The position of the Committee of Fourteen is very well put in the comment of the New York Times of July 15, upon the publication of its preliminary report:

> Even under present conditions, however, the Committee of Fourteen believes that much can be done to put the worst sort of night clubs out of business. Much in fact has already been done in most cases complained of. . . . The police have acted and a number of convictions have been obtained . . . but those who love the genial and picturesque side of New York life need not fear that their favorite resorts, big or little, are seriously threatened. The New Yorker's legitimate entertainment—or even such entertainment as is not legitimate under the Volstead Act—is not being assailed by the Committee of Fourteen. The little restaurants and night clubs on the side streets and in the foreign quarters face no attack from raiders who are determined that no one shall have any fun. The present crusade, in fact, is directed against a species of commercialization which debauches and robs every one it touches. The night clubs under fire are carrying on a vicious form of the old army game, and reviving, or trying to revive, the worst traditions of the old Bowery.

Diane

DIANE is nineteen. She lived in Queensborough with her father, who was an artist. She was taking lessons in stage dancing, expecting to make that her career. When her father died suddenly she had to stop her lessons to look for a job. She tried to secure a position as entertainer and, failing that, became a hostess in a small night club at a hotel in a residence section of Manhattan. Here she made the acquaintance of another hostess, who was a call-girl for a call-flat of prostitution, and went to live with her. Through her girl friend's influence she also became a call-girl and was arrested in the winter of 1928 by the police in a raid upon the flat, in which she and five other girls were found staging a "circus." Diane forfeited her bail and disappeared.

Colleen

COLLEEN, aged nineteen, came to New York from Virginia with her sister, who was twenty-one. They both were ambitious to go on the stage and first attempted to get jobs as chorus girls. Failing at this, they applied for a position at an employment agency on Sixth Avenue. Here they were told that there were no openings for girls of their type except in a speakeasy or night club. They were sent by the agency to a club in Yorkville, where they became hostesses at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

Colleen found work here disagreeable because of the caliber of the men whom she must entertain, many of them German sailors who spent a good deal of their shore-leave at this club. They expected the girls to go to a room with them. Colleen said that she was not used to that kind of life and that it was playing on her nerves. She thought she might get accustomed to it so that it would not bother her so much.

Their hours depended upon the crowd; sometimes they worked until five or six in the morning. The doors of the club were always closed at three o'clock sharp and nobody was admitted after that unless he was well known. Those who were already in could remain as long as they wished. The entrance lights were extinguished so that the police would believe that the place was complying with the curfew ordinance. Colleen said that she and her sister were expecting their mother to visit them over the holidays. Doubtless the mother took the girls back to Virginia, because they were not to be found after her visit.

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Facing Divorce

By IRA S. WILE, M. D., and MARY DAY WINN

THE great number of divorces which follow so fast on the heels of American marriages are, to a certain extent at least, part of our national speed mania. We are living "in high." We make snap judgments, quick decisions, half-formed conclusions—all in the name of efficiency. We are in again, out again, on again. We try one mode of life, and if it doesn't happen to be immediately successful, we hastily back out of it to try another, whereas if we had been willing to go a little farther we might have discovered a smooth road and a pleasant view just around the turn.

Too many of us expect a marriage to succeed automatically and at once. When it does not, as it practically never will, we become impatient and cast it aside. Over a third of our divorces are granted to couples who have been married less than five years.

To succeed, a marriage must be slowly and patiently nurtured. This process involves an infinite number of little discoveries, adjustments, compromises, and the gradual building up of a new respect and a new confidence. A union should never be discarded as a failure until all its possibilities have been probed; for failure in marriage, no matter whose fault it is, leaves scars on both the personalities involved that will never quite disappear. Divorce is no longer the social stigma that it formerly was, but psychologically it is usually a devastating experience. The months or years of incompatibilities, unhappiness, bickering, brutality, and mutual recriminations form the miserable prelude to the publicity of the divorce court. Here the man and woman must often endure unpleasant revelations of their intimate life together, listen to the efforts of the lawyers to expose the weakness and infidelity of one or both of them, and make public confession of the failure of their union. After the divorce comes the breaking up of the home, their altered position in the eyes of their children, and the knowledge that they may be the subjects of gossip and scandal.

Divorces fall, in general, into two classes: They may be either a search for freedom or a search for alimony. A surprisingly large number belong in the second group, and to these may be added an even greater per cent of separations. Many judges, however, are now asking if it is fair, under present economic conditions, for a woman to go on demanding support from a man after their marriage has failed if she is able to take care of herself financially. If divorced, she is free to marry again, whereas the man cannot—unless he can afford to support two wives, one with alimony. Marriage and divorce laws now in force were made in the old days when a woman had almost no opportunity to support herself if some man did not do so. Now she can earn her bread in any civilized country in the world—and not infrequently a better grade of bread than that provided for her by her former partner.

If there are children the situation regarding alimony is entirely different; or if the wife has been physically wrecked or handicapped by the diverse demands of her married life; or if the husband has property or other assets which she has helped him to acquire; or if she has given to him those youthful years when she might have been laying the foundations of business success for herself, so that now she enters the commercial world handicapped by age and lack of experience—in all these situations she is entitled to protection, and will find divorce-court judges in hearty agreement with her. The principal trend of opinion is toward considering each case on its own merits, rather than applying a blanket law of alimony, which may work grave injustice on some men.

In the search for freedom, the lead has also been taken by women. Man already has a certain amount of freedom in marriage accorded him by convention; therefore he is not under so strong a necessity for breaking the marriage contract to acquire it. But freedom, for woman, has become a battle cry, the characteristic feminine demand of this age. Modern thought has emphasized the necessity for self-expression, for the woman's right, as well as the man's, to a satisfying love-life. Consequently when modern woman cannot find this in her first marriage, she is no longer hesitant about admitting her failure and trying again.

Yet in this quest for freedom many marriages are discarded which held, in themselves, opportunities for self-expression if those who threw them aside had only looked at their possibilities, rather than at their limitations. Like savages propitiating an idol, we try to insure happiness for a marriage by all kinds of rites and ceremonies. We make extravagant promises of eternal devotion and at the same time admit our doubts of their fulfillment by superstitious practices—many of which are pagan in their origin—whose aim is to prevent the failures which common sense tells us no mere promises can guard us against . . . "Something old, something new . . . ."

NO marriage is made by ceremonies, not even the solemn and impressive ceremonies of the Catholic and Episcopal churches. The rite is not the marriage but merely the legal sanction to what may become a spiritual union. Its success is not even guaranteed by the sharing, before marriage, of the same ideals and tastes. Indeed, even though ideals and tastes remain identical after marriage, the couple may nevertheless drift slowly apart. What is really important is the mental attitude of the two. Into this many factors may enter. The first are the individual motives. The willingness of any couple to make sacrifices to insure the success of a union will depend largely on their reasons for undertaking it. Why did they marry? Did they unite their lives with the idea of building up a family and a lasting home? Or was marriage a trap into which they were lured by passion? Or was it, for them, simply an experiment in sex? Or a haven from financial storms? Or a strategic move in the struggle for social prestige?

Important also are the ideas which each partner holds of what the marriage relation should be. Probably the fundamental reason for the dissolution of so many American marriages is not that our ideals are too low, but that they are too high. We feel that a union without romantic love, or

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union after romantic love has faded, is incomplete and unsatisfactory. We want everything or nothing. Instead of recognizing, soberly, that romantic love almost never endures, and making it our concern to build up another kind of love to take its place, we too often gamble all our hopes of happiness on this one possession, this fugitive bluebird; when it has left us, we stand weeping and inconsolable before its empty cage, declaring that marriage is a failure.

Marriage as an institution is not a failure, in spite of the fact that many individual unions fail. It will not disappear, though its forms may change. Marriage is a challenge; when the challenge has successfully been met, it is a glorious adventure. For two imperfect humans to combine to make a perfect union is an ambitious undertaking; it can only be done if each is willing to discount the imperfections of the other. The task demands willing effort, intelligence, good nature, self-confidence and faith.

THERE are many situations arising in married life which may turn the mind of husband or wife, or both, toward divorce as the only solution. These situations may grow out of circumstances which could easily have been foreseen before marriage; or they may spring from causes existing at the time of marriage but not discoverable until after; or they may be the result of some change or development which occurs as the years go on—perhaps as a direct outcome of the marriage itself.

When youth marries age, both partners are gambling with their eyes open to all the chances of failure. The same is true if the husband and wife have strong and antagonistic religious beliefs, or belong to races with fundamentally opposing outlooks on life. Such marriages are like houses in which dynamite is stored; they are in extreme jeopardy. Those who enter into them should do so with a clear realization of the risks, and should make up their minds in the very beginning that they will do what the dweller in such a house would normally do—take extra precautions and make unusual efforts to guard against any circumstances which may bring about their destruction. The woman, for instance, who marries a man considerably younger than herself, might do well to safeguard her happiness by sacrificing the pleasures and mode of life natural to her age, in favor of the more vigorous desires of the youthful husband, and the same strategy would apply to the elderly husband of a young wife.

The man or woman who has married one of a different race or religion may have to sacrifice his family or his church—at least the outward form of it. The woman who marries a rover, such as a civil engineer or a naval officer, may have to make "happiness insurance" payments by giving up old friendships and the joys of a permanent home.

Problems which reveal themselves only after marriage has been consummated are sometimes more difficult to meet because impossible to guard against. They are like the unseen driver who crashes into us from a side road. Most conspicuous in this class of marital troubles are sex incompatibilities and other failures in emotional adjustment which only the intimacies of married life can reveal. It is also frequently impossible to foresee the changes in character that may take place as a result of the changed conditions of living—the nervousness or irritability that may show itself when an independent, carefree lover becomes a husband haunted by the specter of monthly bills; or the violent maternity which may change a companionable sweetheart into a harassed and over-anxious mother.

A great many of the difficulties in marriage, however, come from situations that develop while the marriage is in the making. It is seldom that husband and wife fall out of love at exactly the same time, and this tragedy leads to jealousy, suspicion, misinterpretation. Or even if they are still both in love, one may read a weakness into the character of the other which does not really exist, and torture himself with the thought of it as though it were a fact.

Whatever the doubts, suspicions or actual events that have led up to the idea of divorce, divorce itself as a solution should not be definitely decided on until husband and wife have examined their own hearts and lives independently and together.

First each of them in solitude.

Let each ask himself, dispassionately, what he wishes the end of his marriage to mean—success or failure? Does a continuation of life with the other seem worth while in the light of their relations and earlier happiness? Is success in future relations possible? Let each detach his mind and judgment as far as he can, from personalities, and look at himself with the eye of an outsider. How does he really appear in the setting of his home? What is his relation to his wife? To his children? What are really his goals, desires, ideals? In the final analysis, which is more important to his happiness—having his own way on some comparatively minor point of dispute, or saving his marriage?

To examine their own lives in solitude in this detached way is difficult for all people, impossible for some. Yet many divorces would be prevented if it could be done. It is easier to be honest with ourselves when we are alone; the minute two people come together, especially if they are in an antagonistic frame of mind, the issue is clouded by emotion; unconsciously they build up defense attitudes, and pride rears a wall between them. The man and woman facing divorce show very different personalities from the same two when they were facing marriage. Then each was centering his mind on the idea of success, and was willing to make compromises to achieve it; now each is concentrating on failure and stubbornly fighting for his own rights, sometimes without asking himself whether or not those rights are really worth fighting for.

After this silent contemplation of themselves, the man and wife would do well to bring their differences frankly into the open and discuss them with each other—though this course is unfortunately possible only for rare spirits, since discussion itself, in the animus it arouses, sometimes serves simply to push the couple farther apart.

AT such times an arbiter is often helpful, a friendly counselor who serves as a preserver of peace while the husband and wife analyze their own problems. This third person is sometimes the shock absorber who actually saves the marriage; or the mirror in which each disputant is able to see himself as he looks to the other. The arbiter's role can be played most successfully by one who, though not a personal friend, is respected by both husband and wife and regarded as impartial. Frequently a physician or minister may be chosen as the one to whom both partners of the quarrel are willing to reveal themselves more honestly than they would to a close friend. Or they may even choose a perfect stranger, because, not having his friendship in the beginning, they have nothing to lose by being frank. This feeling accounts for the extraordinary confidences given to editors of "advice" columns in the newspapers. The role of arbiter is also increasingly assumed by the judges of domestic-relations courts, who listen to both sides of family

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quarrels and try if possible to patch up the trouble and prevent it from reaching the divorce court.

The problem of divorce must be faced more cautiously when there are children than when there are none. This is so obvious as to require no comment, and seems to be realized, because only about 36 per cent of the divorces granted in this country are given to families in which there are children. The couples who have children, instead of being free to seek merely their own happiness, have incurred extra obligations to their children and to society for which they must be prepared to make sacrifices.

PARENTHOOD is social trusteeship. The life of children calls for familial influences as the basis of social growth and personal happiness. Divorce may give freedom to parents and involve the emotional enslavement of the children. It may appear necessary to sacrifice marriage even when it is doubtful whether it is just to sacrifice children. Undoubtedly, however, it is more protective for children to visit one parent at a time in separate establishments than to be constantly bathed in an atmosphere of marital tension, hostility and irremediable conflict. When couples have children, these children should have the best chance for normal emotional growth with them. Uncoupling has a double hazard.

In discussing their problems, the two who are facing divorce should concentrate their attention, not, as is usually done, on the reasons for separation, but on the factors which may be used as a basis for continuing their marriage. This demands a certain degree of willingness on the part of each to make concessions and compromises. It is the same system whereby two nations draw up a treaty of friendship and peace, determining beforehand what advantages each is willing to grant his opponent.

How much freedom, for instance, is each partner willing to concede the other? Will the man be permitted to attend poker parties and other stag gatherings without the necessity for lying explanations and without being nagged? When thus left alone, will his wife be free to amuse herself in her own way, without arousing jealousy or calling forth comments about her extravagance? Will the husband be free to take the kind of vacation that he really enjoys, perhaps alone, instead of going with his wife to sit on a seashore veranda? Will she be allowed the same latitude in the way she spends her leisure time?

Of exactly what does freedom consist? Does it, for example, include the right to make the other partner uncomfortable, to scatter cigar ashes over the floor, or drive an automobile from the back seat? Many a couple have fought and separated to win "rights" just as unimportant as these.

To what extent is each of the partners willing to recognize the fact that he or she may fulfill certain, but not all, of the needs of the other? Is each willing to respect the other's desire, perhaps, for recreation or artistic stimulus which does not appeal to himself? To what extent is each partner willing to reduce or eliminate entirely the sexual side of the marriage when he or she has become sexually unattractive to the other? To what extent are they both willing, for the sake of preserving a home, to submerge their own selfish interests? To what degree is each willing to accept the death of the other's love or its transfer to a third person?

These are only a few of the differences which may have led to a divorce frame of mind, but which can sometimes be satisfactorily adjusted on a compromise basis if husband and wife are willing, and able, to talk over their problems dispassionately.

Some of these problems could have been better settled before marriage or in the first few weeks of marriage, the advantage of so doing being that at that time the couple are in a more tolerant mood. A man does not, as a rule, enter into a business partnership of any kind without thoroughly discussing the terms in advance; marriage is a far more important, and presumably, permanent, partnership; yet the average couple go into it without any honest discussions or agreement between themselves as to the terms on which they will live together—except the formula of the wedding ceremony, which is meaningless for most people because it is imposed from without, is general, and is not adapted to the individual needs and conditions.

There are, of course, certain types of people who should never marry anyway, because they are innately incapable of making a success of marriage or anything else. With the best intentions they thwart their own ends. Either they are constitutionally inferior in type—nature's misfits or, though possessing many superior qualities, they are unadapted to family life. Among those that should never marry are the utterly selfish, the man or woman with a mother fixation, the sensualist, who seeks sensation as the goal of marriage, the mentally diseased, and the mere seeker for money. These are all typical "repeater" types, who have consecutive wives, husbands, or mistresses. For the partners of such types divorce may be a necessary relief.

In most discussions of divorce, the breaking up of marriage is regarded and deplored from its social, rather than its individual side. Yet the individual side cannot be ignored. The happiness and welfare of the whole community is, after all, made up of the happiness and welfare of its individual members. It is difficult to see how the public is greatly benefited by the preserving of an incurably unhappy marriage, especially if the couple, after divorce, could find other partners and build up two satisfactorily adjusted marriages in place of one that was unsatisfactory.

IF, after the entire situation has been carefully considered, and there seems no basis on which a marriage can continue happily; if the two are no longer compatible, and all the spiritual values of the marriage are dead, then divorce is the only rational solution. When this has been decided upon, the principal efforts should then be directed toward getting the divorce in such a way as to safeguard the future happiness of both partners and protect the opportunity as well as the right of each to another trial at marital happiness. Too many couples, when the first attempt at married happiness has failed, treat marriage as a child or an angry person would treat a piece of machinery that will not work; with a furious gesture they break it to pieces, thus destroying its delicate parts—which are themselves and their own sensibilities—in such a way that those parts can never be used again to build other, more successful unions. By this violent destruction of their old happiness, they wreck any chances they may have for constructing future happiness.

In contrast to this attitude, the discords of the first marriage should at least teach them the necessity for harmony of effort in securing release from it and the desirability of mutual protection, so that each may come through the divorce mill with reputation unscathed. Neither gains by indulging in acrimonious abuse of the other.

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Foster Home

By BETH ROBERTS

(*A rural social worker revisits the old terrain. On a friendly call in one of the older foster homes, the boarding mother produces the following monologue, practically without stopping for breath.*)

FOSTER MOTHER: "Well, I sure be glad to see you again. Where you been all these years? Well, I guess you missed our *roads,* didn't you? I'll never forget the time you had gettin' that Lurbin tribe out of Wildcat Holler, with the troopers fightin' the old girl off so's you could get the kids into the car! I declare, I never knew which of you took it hardest—you or the younguns. I never in all my born days (and sixty years ain't so bad for these hills) seen a sight so pitiful as them children was when you brought 'em in. The biggest one she said they hadn't had nothin' to eat but woodchuck and boiled brake greens since the acid factory closed. Her ma turnin' her man out and livin' with that good-for-nothin' skunk like that kinda soured the Town on givin' 'em any poor money. Got so set on starvin' the tribe over the state line that they forgot all about you! Would you believe it, I got one o' them here right now. You'd never know her; she was the baby then. She ain't right in her head. They're keepin' her here until a Mental Test comes along.

"I only got two, now, and I tell you right now it don't pay me. I often tell the Judge if he don't send me more I'm goin' back to workin' out. Why, his own cousin's wife offered me four dollars a day just like I used to get before I took up this-here workin' for the County."

VISITOR: "What does he say?"

FOSTER MOTHER: "Him? He just laughs. Why, him and me went to school together and he was dippin' my braids in the inkwell years before he ever thought of goin' off lawyerin'.

"They got so now they only give me Detentions and Babies. I swan, I've told the Judge I won't take no more babies. They're so cute and they grow so nice and quick that I no more'n get good and attached to 'em and They take 'em off to be adopted. Why, there's been three here that just about broke my heart when they went and I wanted to adopt the worst way. Hiram, he was just as taken with 'em, too. They say it's The Law, now. Good thing it wa'n't the law when I raised them two motherless younguns from off'n Indian Hill! My Oliver now is over forty and a grandfather already. He's head chauffeur up to Lanes' and has a little house right over the garage, just as *nice.* And my girl, she's married and has a couple of little toads a-plaguin' her.

"That's Dave Bleeker's little boy. Yes siree, the same Dave you used to go to school with. He married a kinda gay one that wa'n't no hand at farmin' and they never hit it off. Some says they fit 'n parted and some says she run with other men, but it all come out at the trial that she took little Leroy while Dave was asleep and run off with him, but he chased 'em all over three counties and stole Leroy back; but on account of him batchin' along without no woman to home and runnin' the farm singlehanded, the Judge figured Dave'd better board him out for awhile. So he had all the writin's drawed and Leroy has been here three weeks. Sober little thing, ain't he? And good! Only three. He just sits like that all day and grieves; I can't make him chirk up nohow. He's got some fleshier but he don't settle down. Never says nothin' except it's what him and his Daddy used to do. I'd ruther see him do a little damage, somehow. . . . I feel awful sorry for Dave. He'd just bought an old farm when he got married, and she'd ought to a known sour ground takes a lot of patience and a sight of fancy fertilizer to get to pay. These town girls are too flip for me. Whenever one of 'em marries any one from around here, I say to myself, 'Another good farmer wrecked.'. . . There's the phone."

(*At phone—party line.*) "What? No, I can't come over. I got company. You send one of the younguns down for it.

"Say, did you know the baby across the road hain't agoin' to live? They say mortification has set in aready and its little belly's all black and it screams God-a'mighty if you touch it. . . . So I say, too; better off dead. Only two pounds and her no more'n fourteen. I seen it yesterday and you couldn't hardly tell it had any nigger blood in it. They say she'll get better, though.

"What? No, that one hain't come yet. Expecting it any day, now. He come down here and telephoned over to Lanesville to her folks and I guess her mother's got there by now."

(*To little girl.*) "Hey, you get down off'n that table and let them pickles be. I never seen such a hog as you be for eatin'!"

(*Into receiver.*) "I gotta hang up now. The younguns is raisin' Cain. Goodbye."

(*During the telephone interruption, the little boy shyly climbs into the visitor's lap and tells what's on his mind.*)

CHILD: "My daddy he used to get up in the dark and put overalls on. He used to take a lantern out to the barn. Lena, that's my mother, she stayed in bed. My daddy used to cook, too. I used to feed the calves. I had one calf—two calves—and they growed up into great big cows. I had a little turkey and a turkey gobbler too, but they got et by a fox while my daddy was off huntin' my mother to bring her back. My mother she. . . . I used to have a little ring, two rings, *three* rings for my hands. I guess my daddy he's got them now?"

FOSTER MOTHER: "Do you remember that Alice you brought here till They found a place for her to have her baby in? Yes, you do too! She was that one from away back that hadn't never seen a boat before, and when you drove her over that new bridge and she saw the day boat steamin' up the river she just hung out the car and yelled out 'My lands, will you look at that! A-settin' right on the water and *a-goin'* too!' . . . Regular hick she was. Well, she's out now, and right back where you got her from. I tell the Judge: 'You can't make a silk purse out

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of a sow's ear now any more than you could when sows first growed!'. . . They say her baby's got a good home, though—'Adoption Home' They call it. Mine's just a boarding home, They tell me. Huh! . . . Wait a minute, I got to go see if my sink's all dreened out yet. First the water won't run into the house and then it won't run out!" (*She goes to kitchen.*)

CHILD: "I used to have a big dog, too. My Shep would chew you all up if you was to try to go into my daddy's house. He dug a woodchuck right out from under a stone wall one day and it was *all blood.* Gramma's Petey brought home this here kitten and five little skunks last week. They was awful pretty, but Gramma made him take them back."

VISITOR: "Skunks?"

FOSTER MOTHER: "Leroy, you go up on the hill and ask Grampa when he's goin' to get that rezavoy [reservoir] cleaned out so's we can get some decent drinkin' water to run into that hose-pipe. Myrt, you go along with him. Put your sweater on." (*Children go.*)

"Lands, that was funny about them skunks. That cat come to us when she wan't no more'n weaned herself, a-starvin' and a-yowlin', and we thought its ears was fur enough apart to be a tomcat so we named it Pete. By and by it grew up and in no time at all we seen they was a family on the way, so we had to get used to it bein' a she and we changed it to Petey to sorta soften it down. Them six kittens was too cute for anything and Petey brought 'em all into the house last week one by one as proud as Punch, and the younguns like to a killed 'em with handlin'. I didn't have the heart to tell 'em I was goin' to drownd 'em (Leroy he's awful tender-hearted), so I made out Petey had done wrong and would have to take 'em back.

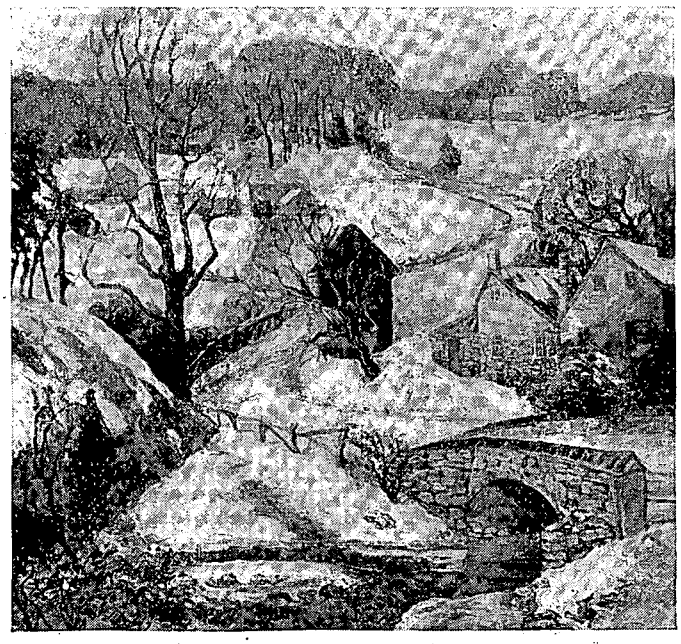
"I talked to her day before yisterday about it before the younguns, and she set up blinkin' at me so knowin' as if she was takin' it all in.

"'Petey,' I says, 'you know you hain't done right bringin' all them little skunks into Gramma's house. How often have I had to tell you, Petey, Gramma don't want no little skunks into the house; they don't act nice when they get big. That little kitty you've got can stay, but you get up and march them little skunks right straight back where they come from!' And I put her and the hull litter out onto the doorstep. When the younguns was to bed, five of them kittens took their last wiggle in the mop-pail. 'Skunks' is all I've heard ever since.

"I don't believe in children knowin' everything when they're so tender-hearted like, do you? I remember how it was when I was a youngun. My father used to drink some and that made us short of things to do with. My ma was kinda discouraged and didn't care much what she said, and you know when a workin' man comes home to his meals that's the natural time for things to get goin' wrong. They used to start a-yippin' and sayin' such awful things to each other that it used to make me feel funny inside. My stomach used to turn over and crawl right up into my mouth. My sister she used to say it seemed like it give the old folks an appetite to have a battle with every meal, but it took away our'n all right. Yet they'd go right on a-livin' together just as if he wa'n't a walkin' drunk and her abused something sinful if I do say it of my own father.

"Once they fit and almost parted for good, but I heard ma standin' up for him against her folks. She was tellin' 'em he wa'n't so bad; he choked her and he slapped her but he hadn't never drawed no knife on her, she said. That like to a made me sick, hearin' that, and I vowed to myself that if I ever had anything in the way of argument to say to my man, I'd never let no younguns be around when I said it. And I've stuck to that to this day.

"Say, now, you're goin' to stay to dinner hain't you? Oh, now that ain't no way to make a visit! I got lots of news to tell you and I hain't had a chance to more'n draw breath what with all these interruptions and everything. Hiram, he'll be real sorry he missed you. Him and you was always such hands to chin together. If we'd a knowed you was comin' he'd a killed a hen and then you'd a *had* to stay. You'll be around again soon, won't you? Take that thank-you-ma'am easy just as you start; it's busted more'n one spring around here. . . . Good bye!" (*Visitor drives away.*)



The Road to Pipersville, by Fern I. Coppedge

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A Man, by the Name of Smith

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

STARTED this piece the morning after election, amid the ruins of a dream that almost came true. Yes, I said *almost;* but don't bother to throw figures at me: I can see them as far and as well as you can.

The dream was that some day before summoned to observe human nature functioning Elsewhere, I should in my flesh behold a phenomenon implicit in the Declaration of Independence and all the rest of our boasted political "tradition." Specifically, that I should see actually in the White House an American lad, grandson of an immigrant and regardless of any "national origin," race or religion whatsoever; born in a congested city ward in the same kind of utter poverty as Lincoln in the woods; of a good mother—father too, if possible, though that matters less; without superficial "advantages". . . there on his own cold merits; by character, courage and achievement winning thither step by step from scratch against all handicaps.

It would make little difference to me whether he were called Republican or Democrat or what have you. For a choice between one and another bunch of political high-binders exploiting a flock of political sheep and known as a "party," I would not myself flip a counterfeit old-regime rouble. Looking at any of them, I can't keep my face straight for any considerable length of time.

BUT I think I know a Man when I see one. About lots of minor things, and some pretty big ones, I differ with Al Smith. Nevertheless, over a period of twenty-five years I have seen him increasingly fulfilling his part of my dream. Eighty-five per cent, say, is about as much as you can expect of any human being; mighty few even of the best that I have seen have assayed anything like that. More than any other man that I have seen in public office, he has been on the level with his job; with one job after another. He came in 1903 as a cub assemblyman to Albany, where I was a legislative correspondent. At close range I have seen him there and in New York City—as speaker of the Assembly, delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1915, sheriff of New York County, president of the Board of Aldermen of Greater New York; for four terms governor of the state. Steadily developing, growing amazingly in independence, measuring up to the specifications of my dream.

Perhaps it was too much of a dream. Too nearly hundred-per-cent American.

That morning after election, as the defeat of Smith became more and more unmistakable, the same idea broke out spontaneously in a lot of places at once:

Now, Al Smith for mayor of New York.

Of course. Obvious enough. But let there be no misunderstanding. Not a flicker of interest in this had or has this particular admirer of Al Smith, from the ordinary political point of view. To make him mayor of New York on his way to the Senate of the United States, for instance, three years hence vice-Wagner, or six vice-Copeland, would not interest me in the least; much less any pipe-dream about his running again for the presidency in 1932.

As for the rehabilitation of the vast ruin of the Democratic national organization—that can be left to the wrecking-crew and repair-gang now ruefully diagnosing the remains. Far be it from me to say it cannot be done—times enough hitherto I have seen one party or t'other flat on its back taking the count; always somehow it was on its feet again when the next bell sounded.

The idea was bigger than that. It's a job for life that I'm thinking of. A whale of a job. A come-down? Far to the contrary. A woman who heard one of young Colonel Theodore Roosevelt's speeches, that time when he was what you might call strolling for the governorship, said to him afterward:

"A fine speech, Mr. Roosevelt; but isn't it rather undignified to be governor after you have been president of the United States?"

She had evidently the common idea of public office as primarily a vehicle for personal *kudos.* A full century ago John Quincy Adams dealt with that when, after having been president of the United States, he accepted election to the House of Representatives. In reply to just such comment he remarked that even an ex-president might serve the people without derogation—though it were only as selectman of a town.

Mayoralty of New York City is not, or ought not to be, in the ordinary sense a political job at all. Municipal government in the United States will continue to be a mess of corruption and incompetency until it is taken out of politics; recognized for what it is—a highly technical business. The mayoralty, a life job for the competent expert. New York City is, short of the federal government, the largest and most intricate business concern in the United States. From that point of view its mayors have been mostly jokes or tragedies—when they were not crimes. Exceptions; yes, a very few distinguished ones—name them to please yourself; but you can name still fewer who saw the city government as a business.

So when, in the cold gray dawn of that morning after, Al Smith announced that he was out of politics for good, with the inference that hereafter he would devote himself exclusively to business, he set himself *ipso facto* precisely at the confluence of qualification for this mighty job; automatically took the rôle of hero of this piece, which was to have been entitled, "Al Smith for Mayor."

HIS own town, of whose life he is wholly a product. Himself a conspicuous figure in, yet much bigger than, the Tammany which virtually owns the town and will continue to own it. He knows both the town and the Tammany from center to circumference; knows the people and can appeal to them in their own vernacular. He has the skill and experience in administration, far more than any of the city managers who are doing much for many smaller cities;

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he has a greater thing which few of them have exhibited—imagination and vision to amplify the city's service in wider fields; to lead the city's consciousness of its greater problems.

Visualize him as chairman of the city's board of directors—the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. It makes up the city budget and controls the use of the city's credit; fixes all salaries not set by mandatory legislation at Albany over the city's head; it grants franchises and fixes their terms; it controls charting and financing of subways, and relations with the operating companies; it establishes the map and layout of the city. This chairmanship, carrying three of the sixteen votes in the Board of Estimate, is half of the two-fold function of the mayor; the other is in administration of the immense enterprise. Under the mayor's hand first and last fall the public schools, police and fire departments, public health, public welfare; hardly to mention parks, street cleaning, docks, ferries and bridges.

Crowning all that, and it might be—but seldom has been—vitalizing it: the mayor is representative and custodian of the city's self-respect and dignity. He might be also inspiration of its vision of itself and its future. A mighty responsibility too often entrusted to political shysters, jovial wise-crackers, nonentities, or worse.

By no means is all this to say that there are no other men, Republicans or Democrats or independents in New York City, fit to embody this ideal. Remember that this piece is primarily about a man by the name of Smith, equipped by almost unique experience and achievement, who on January first passes out of the public service.

A good notion it was—this of "Smith for mayor." Instant the response to it, on the part of people of all sorts of political faith. Said one, typical, to me:

"You wouldn't need any election. He could walk right in and stay there till he died of old age. But no such luck for New York; he wouldn't take it."

Aye, there's the rub. I don't believe he would.

NOT only to those thinking well of it came that notion. Quite as spontaneously it came to others, and spoiled their breakfast. To that certain inside, unregenerate, "old generation" Tammany group which has survived an undeniably better and cleaner atmosphere it came—a daytime nightmare. And it has lasted over, with a kind of clammy terror. These hardly will sleep o'nights until Smith is safely tucked away in some cosy nest of business, beyond political temptation; immune at least to summons to this particular public duty. Anybody rather than Smith. Hylan, with whom they could do business, as they did before. Any old Republican—or the Muckle De'il himself. They can hamstring, or live through, a Republican administration, or (if that were conceivable) even a succession of them. As for the Old Boy, they and he are hand-in-glove.

This "Tammany" hates Al Smith even more than the old-time Republican state organization hated the old-time Hughes. Hates him worse, because while Hughes politically was a babe-in-the-woods, Smith knows the politician's game from ace to joker. However close behind his chin the other fellow may snuggle his hand, Smith is clairvoyant; he can see through the cards, and any in a sleeve or under the table must come out, face-up.

Both the old-time Hughes and today's Al Smith had and used that deadliest of political weapons, before which the ordinary politician cowers and sweats ice-water—the public confidence. Against open candid appeal to the Folks Back Home, in plain language on the merits of public questions, the machine politician, of any stripe, is as helpless as a child in a tornado. He lives and does his business in a world of whispering, back-room bargains; underground stuff.

This "Tammany" didn't want Smith nominated for the presidency—much less elected. To be sure, a lot of other people to whom he was alleged to be subservient, felt the same way, for similar reasons. We cannot go into that here; suffice it to say that Al Smith is just about as popular with that crowd as a boil is on the back of a man's neck. Any time these past fifteen years or more they would have cut his political throat had they dared. Indeed, they tried it more than once. They couldn't get away with it.

UPON the Democratic failure to capture the White House, and the assumed incidental shelving of Smith, these people look with tolerably restrained grief. From Franklin Roosevelt as governor, Democrat *par excellence* though he be, they expect little and probably will get still less. All this can be endured with equanimity by a crowd which has lived before through lean years and can afford to wait.

But to have in their own City Hall, under the very aegis and simulacrum of "victory," one of their own Super-Sophisticated who knows them to the marrow of their bones; whom they could by no means fool or buy or bully—over an indefinite future controlling the thread and substance of their existence; their gullet and breath of life between his thumb and finger! One taking seriously his opportunity and his oath of office, with no ambition save to make a great record for a great city. . . . This is the horrendous apparition that makes this Tammany's seated heart knock at its ribs!

To at least one other person came that notion on the morning after election. Namely, to Alfred Emanuel Smith himself. He liked it no better than Tammany did. Excellent is my reason for saying that in putting out rather hastily his emphatic declaration that he never again would run for political office, he had in mind precisely the mayoralty of New York City.

He meant it. He knew as well as any that there would be a demand to that end. He knows better than most that in honest pursuance of that office the first thing he would have to do would be to murder politically a large number of his closest friends and associates; that his path to the only kind of success worth trying for must be ruthless and bloody. He knows that compared with this job, any other that he has held has been a picnic.

He owes the people nothing. During a quarter of a century of poorly-paid service he has done his share, and more. I dare say that before these words get printed there will have been announced his acceptance of one of the many business opportunities awaiting his choice. And that, one may suppose, will be that.

And yet, one who has spent the better part of his manhood in public office and political battle has something in his blood that will not out. He will be a powerful force in American public life; even though we have no public office to offer him commensurate with his capacity. We do not know, in wasteful America, how to utilize our political successes.

'Twas a plausible notion, even if it did seem to die aborning. Anyhow, there is no law against speculation, least of all political speculation, and I insist that this one was, is, and will continue to be, a good one. Time is young, and so is Al Smith.

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Senators and Indians

By JOHN COLLIER

DENIAL has ceased at long last. Conditions among our Indians present an agonizing tragedy. They suggest a miracle—that Indian body and soul have endured so long.

There remains the subject of responsibility, on which a flood of new light has been poured by the hearings before the Senate investigating committee in Oregon, Washington, and California, to be followed by hearings in other states. Before this issue of the Survey Graphic appears, Utah will have been covered by the committee; members of the Indian survey group of the Institute for Government Research will have testified at Washington; and part or all of the findings of the comptroller-general, who has investigated the bureau's handling of Indian moneys, will have been placed in the sworn record. The Indian Bureau rejoinders are currently placed in this record.

Remains also the question of remedy. The Senate cannot legislate "on its own." The House, by virtue of the oligarchic machinery which dominates it, will remain under control of the Indian Bureau regardless of any facts brought out against the bureau by the hearings. Presidential action is necessary. Nothing can or will be done unless an administration policy be enforced from the White House. The fate of the Indians rests with President-elect Hoover.

More than one hundred witnesses—all of them under oath except the superintendent of the Yakima agency in Washington—have thus far appeared before the Senate committee and given a thousand pages of sworn testimony. I draw on the record briefly, choosing cases which are representative, which exhibit the conditions and fix responsibility. Remedies are dealt with at the end of this article.

The Rice school at the San Carlos Apache reservation in Arizona has been a pest-house since 1923. It has helped along the tuberculosis death-rate of Arizona Indians, found by the Institute for Government Research to be seventeen times the general tuberculosis death-rate. The facts have been urgently but vainly pressed on the attention of Assistant Commissioner Merritt and Commissioner Burke since 1924, through reports by the American Red Cross and the agency superintendent. This Indian tribe richly supports the Indian Bureau from its tribal funds; but in 1927, the Institute for Government Research found that the children forcibly confined at the Rice school were being fed on an allowance of nine cents a day. Against this background, let the following testimony under oath be read. It is bureau testimony; the witness is engineer of the Fort Mojave Indian school, recently transferred to that post from the Rice school.

He told of Indian girls, eleven and twelve years old, who escaped from the Rice school, were pursued, caught and brought back. Their punishment, in part, consisted in walking with heavy cordwood on their shoulders, around and around the school-yard for an afternoon. One girl stood dumb, bowed, offering passive resistance. The principal "seized a club from the ground, beat the girl till she fell, and beat her on the ground. Then the girl carried the cordwood for the afternoon."

These girls, engineer Patrick Kennedy testified, were chained to their beds when they entered their dormitory at night. They slept in chains. And they were marched to their meals—their 3-cent meals—held by chains fastened about their necks. Kennedy did not give a word-picture of the girls. Florence Patterson of the American Red Cross, and the staff of the Institute for Government Research, have given this picture: Emaciated, poisoned with fatigue from compulsory child labor, bleak with homesickness and emotional starvation—little children, inescapably seized by an institutional engine.

Engineer Kennedy was not a voluntary witness. A bureau supervisory official, himself helpless under the Washington machine, had described the Fort Mojave school in terms worthy of the Rice school. The Senate committee sent one of its investigators to Fort Mojave. This man learned of Kennedy's recital made in confidence to fellow-employes at the Fort Mojave school. Kennedy thereafter was subpoenaed, and he did not flinch when speaking into the public record. Half or more of the blasting testimony in these Senate hearings has been given by men and women now in the Indian Service or who have recently got out of it voluntarily with honorable records.

The Indian calls the white man "Cold Heart," and undoubtedly the heart of the white man, which has room everywhere for his image in painting, in sculpture, on coins; which buys his handicraft in endless souvenir shops; and which ignores or neglects the living man—is a strange heart to fathom. Particularly as it is disclosed through the official Indian Bureau at Washington. For years there has been a campaign against the bureau's work by private reform agencies. Last year the Institute for Government Research made a study of health, education and other aspects of Indian life which was in effect a stinging reproach to a niggardly and exploiting government. Here Mr. Collier, who reviewed the institute report in the Graphic of last July, gives a swift appraisal of the sworn testimony before the Senate investigating committee, in the three Pacific Coast states to which it first turned. Hearings will follow in many other states and in Washington. The committee is made up of Senators Frazier (chairman), Pine, Thomas, LaFollette and Wheeler, with all members of the Senate standing Committee on Indian Affairs sitting as members ex officio at hearings in their states; and Louis R. Glavis as their very competent attorney.

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THE ARROW

This heroic horseman in bronze, and his fellow Indian on the page opposite, will guard the Michigan Avenue head of the Congress Street Bridge in Chicago. Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

Does the Rice school exemplify a condition general to the 29,000 Indian boarding-school children? The Senate hearings already have provided a tentative answer. Readers of the report of the Institute for Government Research, and of the printed hearings which convinced the Senate that this present investigation ought to go forward, will anticipate the answer. Yes. With inconsequential shiftings of detail, the Rice school exemplifies a general condition which the Indian Bureau knowingly maintains. Here, for one instance, is the Towoac boarding-school for Ute and Navajo children in Colorado. Bureau functionaries still in the service gave the testimony. They corroborated one another, and witnesses now out of the service corroborated them.

Mrs. Charles W. Welfelt, now as then a cook for the bureau, swore that the dried fruit at this school had been full of worms. She protested, but the children were fed the wormy fruit. The meat was full of maggots. She protested, but "dead maggots are not poisonous," and under orders she served the maggoty meat. Others from Towoac swore that the flour for bread was kept in a cellar; dirty water from the floors above dripped onto the flour; mice nested in the flour; portions of dead mice were cooked in the flour; and when at last, after protests to the reservation superintendent over the school principal's head, the worst-spoiled of the flour was taken away, this flour was issued as rations to the aged and infirm Utes. The school employes, of course, maintained their own mess with food of their own.

Children are brought to Towoac at six years of age, before they are worth much for child-labor purposes. The school maintains four grades only. The witnesses swore that the last-grade children were denied promotion and kept year after year in the fourth grade, because by then they had grown big enough to do the compulsory industrial work. There was more—including details regarding the dungeon where "recalcitrant" children were locked in darkness and fed on bread and water.

These employes had exhausted their means of remedy through appeals to higher-ups in the service. Result? They had been transferred to Fort Mojave, considered to be the nearest point to a physical hell in the Indian Service; and the Towoac school principal and the Ute agency superintendent had been promoted to more desirable assignments in South Dakota.

Let us shift to another field and a different subject-matter. The Indian Bureau and its spokesmen in and out of Congress have one alibi and one defense alone. "Congress is to blame; Congress will not appropriate the needed money." This cry will be loudly heard in the months ahead while the bureau tries to ride out the storm.

In fact there is not enough money. Why Congress is not to blame, and exactly how, for example, the crime of starving Indian boarding-school children and the Indian old people, is directly an act of the Indian Bureau, has been previously explained in Survey Graphic and will be further explained below from the current sworn testimony. But is it lack of appropriations which necessitates that children at the Sherman Institute be whipped with leather straps until they howl all night with pain? Be knocked down, for "sarcasm toward the disciplinarian," and struck with fists or hard objects until covered from face to knees with blood? (The sworn testimony, with names and dates, given with slow deliberation by the Rev. Berlyn H. Stokely, now in charge of a Baptist congregation at Riverside, formerly a missionary resident in the Sherman school and later a missionary among the Navajos. Though the testimony related to the tenure of the present Sherman Institute superintendent, and was given at the location of the school, no denial was attempted. Conditions at Sherman were stated to have been recently improved.)

AND is it lack of appropriations which has forced the Indian service into an informal partnership with bootleggers who debauch Indians and whites alike? No financial profit to the bureau officials was alleged, but the sworn and documented record, whose allegations the bureau officials on the stand admitted, is here let speak for itself.

At Yakima, Washington, the Indian land is alloted under trust. The Indian Bureau administers the allotments. White men operate most of these allotments, under lease. Every lessee "agrees that he will not permit the use of any part of the leased premises for the manufacture, sale, etc., of intoxicating liquors . . . and any violation of this paragraph shall render the lease voidable."

L. O. Shirley, now in the federal prohibition service, was two years ago prohibition enforcement officer of the Indian Bureau. He found many and flagrant violations of the

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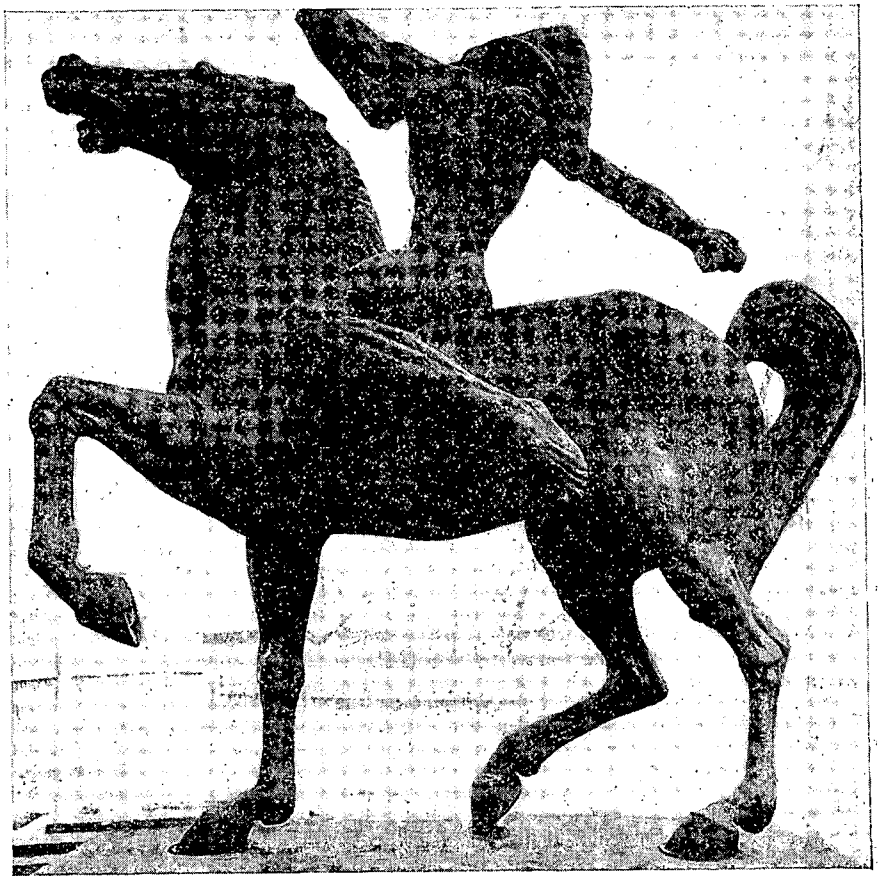
prohibition law and the Indian liquor laws on the leased allotments at Yakima. Moonshine operations approximating the factory scale were going on. Shirley obtained from the lease clerk, Dollie A. Woodhouse, the names of the lessees. He vainly reported the violations to the Yakima superintendency. He obtained (working through the federal court) arrests, pleas of guilty, convictions. The superintendency refused to cancel the leases. A riot of liquor abuses developed.

Finally, on March 27, 1926, Shirley committed the offense never forgotten or forgiven by the chiefs of the Indian Bureau. He "put the situation up" squarely to Commissioner Burke at Washington. No publicity, no complaint to outside agencies, merely a letter to Commissioner Charles H. Burke. His long letter recited the details of cases like the following: Fifty yards from the residence of the white lessee, one J. F. Willis, a complete still, 25 gallons of manufactured moonshine, 350 gallons of mash, etc. Arrest, plea of guilty, $500 fine by the United States Court. The superintendent and chief clerk were physically taken to view the whiskey factory. Lease not cancelled. Eight other cases were cited. No action obtainable on any of them. The lease clerk, Mrs. Woodhouse, joined in the unforgettable offense; she, as a stenographer, recorded and typed the Shirley letter.



THE SPEAR

In these new figures, Ivan Mestrovic, the Jugoslav sculptor, may have mounted the native American on a powerful horse in place of the wiry pony of actuality, but he has created fine statues.

And the action from Washington? Mrs. Woodhouse was ordered out of the Yakima agency for the insubordination of having allowed the bureau's own prohibition officer to know the names of these moonshining lessees. Commissioner Burke wrote to her: "You have, to say the least, placed your superior officers in an embarrassing position." And Officer Shirley was transferred out of the state of Washington, with the following from Commissioner Burke:

> You have unduly interested yourself in matters of administration at the Yakima Agency. You are advised that in your new assignment at the Klamath Agency you will be expected to attend strictly to the duties in connection with your line of work, and to render efficient service in cooperation with Indian Service officials. If it develops that you cannot meet the requirements it will be necessary for you to tender your resignation.

Officer Shirley decided that he could not "meet the requirements" which apparently were to hold his job and protect the moonshining and bootlegging lessees. In face of the gigantic hypocrisy of Commissioner Burke's letter, Shirley resigned forthwith and joined the prohibition service of the Internal Revenue bureau. Mrs. Woodhouse, then Miss Anderson, resigned and has since become the wife of a prosperous rancher at Yakima.

CHIEF CLERK B. P. SIX, co-responsible with Superintendent Estep for the Yakima scandal, was promoted to be superintendent of the very important Pima reservation in Arizona. A. G. Brown, field clerk at Yakima, who admitted under oath his own responsibility in the scandal, was promoted to be chief clerk at Yakima. Superintendent Estep was left undisciplined and unscolded. Brown, under oath before the Senate Committee, agreed that more extreme cases than those revealed by Officer Shirley "would be hard to find." Estep, though testifying, was silent in face of the charges.

Had the Yakima superintendency been constrained by politicians other than those higher up in the Indian Bureau? No. Senators Jones and Dill of Washington pressed the examination, forcing a complete record into the sworn testimony. Their own record on prohibition and on law enforcement is the most rigid. No Washington state official had any jurisdiction whatever over the agency employes or over the Indian lands. The Internal Revenue office recognized Shirley's services by immediately employing him, and it still employs him. Straight from the Yakima reservation officials to the commissioner of Indian affairs the responsibility runs, and that record in brief is given above.

Congressional niggardliness? Evidently something else and quite different is wrong with the Indian Bureau. And now, two additional cases, each lengthily developed under oath at the hearings.

The Klamath reservation in Oregon has a large timber wealth, which is dwindling rapidly. Every bureau employe at Klamath is paid from the Klamath tribe's pockets. Over $200,000 each year is used by the bureau for "service" to 1,140 Indians. Every Klamath Indian is taxed above $175 a year for Indian Service maintenance. If the Indian Service spent everywhere as it spends at Klamath, its budget would be more than $43,000,000 a year instead of the present $14,000,000. Yet none can dream of such an increase of appropriations for the Indian Bureau. The most trusting

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believers in the all-potency of increased Congressional grants to the bureau suggest a doubling, but never a trebling, of current appropriations.

AND what did the Senate committee learn from sworn witnesses about the bureau services in this lavishly financed Klamath jurisdiction? It learned that the social services were totally wanting. That the medical services for years have been of so brutal as well as irresponsible a character, that practically the whole Klamath tribe patronizes the doctors and the hospital at Klamath Falls, paying for individual clinical and hospital services while being forced to pay for a reservation hospital out of which, as successive witnesses testified, they had been driven by humiliation as well as by non-service. The Indian schooling, the committee learned, was all furnished by the white public schools. Possessed of great though fading assets, the Klamaths are denied credit for their farming operations. Their stock operations have been killed through the lease of their lands by the bureau to white stockmen and sheep-men. Their limited arable land is nearly destroyed through water-logging, with substantially nothing done toward drainage. Their superintendent, over whose appointment they have no control and from whom they can demand no accounting, wantonly flaunts and insults the tribe and its individuals. (So the Indian and white testimony ran, and it was unanimous.) Broadly, no reservation in the United States, outside California, is more totally neglected, more unserved, than the Klamath reservation where Indian Bureau funds surpass the dreams of the apologists of the bureau.

I cannot in this space recite more of the testimony on the Klamath reservation. Wild profligacy with trust funds, and the sloughing off of even the pretense of service to Indians, are the testimony's burden. Not half the story was told; the Klamath picture will be more adequately revealed in hearings still to come. Klamath reservation is one of the three or four major jurisdictions under Indian Bureau control. In this article it must serve chiefly to illustrate a fact which to the Indians has life-and-death importance. That fact is that increased appropriations, even lavishly increased, are no solution of the Indian problem. A new system and new personnel, and a new status for Indians, is the only and minimum solution.

From the protracted California hearings, I quote only two facts. They bear on the whole Indian situation in an immediate way.

A. L. Barett, director of the lands-work in California and western Nevada of the Bureau of Forestry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, has been among the Indians for twenty years. Acting for his department and for the Commonwealth Club of California, he has elaborately examined the California Indian lands. These lands were procured under the existing Indian Bureau and it is trustee for them. The bureau is still, each year, buying land for homeless California Indians. Of Indian allotments on the public domain, less than 3 per cent, Barett testified, could be put to any sort of agricultural use. In all California, he testified, less than 10 per cent of the Indian land is theoretically usable for agriculture; but only one-fourth of this theoretical total, or 2½ per cent of the whole, is actually supplied with water. And most of the land is situated in unreasonable places, where to live is to starve because no outside work is procurable. Thus, spending hundreds of thousands in direct purchase and millions in administration, has the bureau guardian served its wards.

Then Florence Ames took the stand. Her recent study and census of the California Indians is a noteworthy social document. She is a public-health nurse, and her survey was made for the State Board of Health. Miss Ames was one of more than twenty witnesses who described, with a dreadful summation of detail, the starvation—even to death—of aged Indians and Indian children. Why do they starve?

They are wards of the United States. But the executive—not Congress even by indirection, but the executive, which practically means the Indian Bureau—has ruled that no Indian is eligible to federal assistance unless he consents to reside on land held in trust for him by the bureau. The land is on unwatered deserts and mountain fastnesses. The bureau placed the Indian there. Not he, nor any white man, can obtain a yield from the land. Staying upon it, he can get no outside work; leaving it, he sacrifices all claim to assistance from the United States. Over this land, California has no jurisdiction—not even criminal or sanitary jurisdiction.

Staying in these hopeless places, the old and indigent and the children are fed a ration purchased at a cost of five dollars a month by bureau orders on the nearest country store. The aged and sick must fetch their own ration. They get this ration part of the year; then for months they get nothing at all.

Who, or what, has created this situation? The Indian Bureau, and it alone. First the bureau, by a ruling that is contrary to the decisions of the Supreme Court, declares thousands of Indians ineligible to federal aid. Then the bureau (which until now has denied the existence of conditions of famine and of neglected pestilence, but which will never deny them again) fights successfully against the bill introduced for the state of California (the Swing-Johnson bill) placing the Indians under the jurisdiction and help of the state and its counties. And finally the bureau, far from asking Congress for money to feed such sick, infant and aged Indians as do remain on federal land, turns itself into a propaganda agency to deny the existence of need, and brings before Congress no request for funds to be segregated for tangible service to these acknowledged wards.

The Indian Bureau, down the years, by direct and indirect means, has massacred a hundred thousand California Indians. All this the testimony proved, and it proved that the massacre is going right ahead. The bureau representatives heard, were invited to testify, and were silent.

Have the Senate hearings been more than a long exhibition of horrors? Yes—they have been much more. Three constructive proposals have been outstanding at the hearings to date.

FIRST has been the urgency of bringing the states and counties into authoritative action for the Indians. This does not mean a control over Indian property by the states, or a termination of federal property guardianship, but a utilization of all local resources for Indian health, education, relief, agricultural assistance, and social welfare generally. The California testimony, from Indians and whites, and from officials and non-officials, was overwhelming, even redundant, on this item. Wisconsin and Montana are pressing in Congress measures identical with the California state-aid bill; the Indian Bureau to date has fought against these measures, and until the president intervenes, the bureau, as stated previously, will be able to block action in the House of Representatives.

Second, and fundamental to (*Continued on page* 457)

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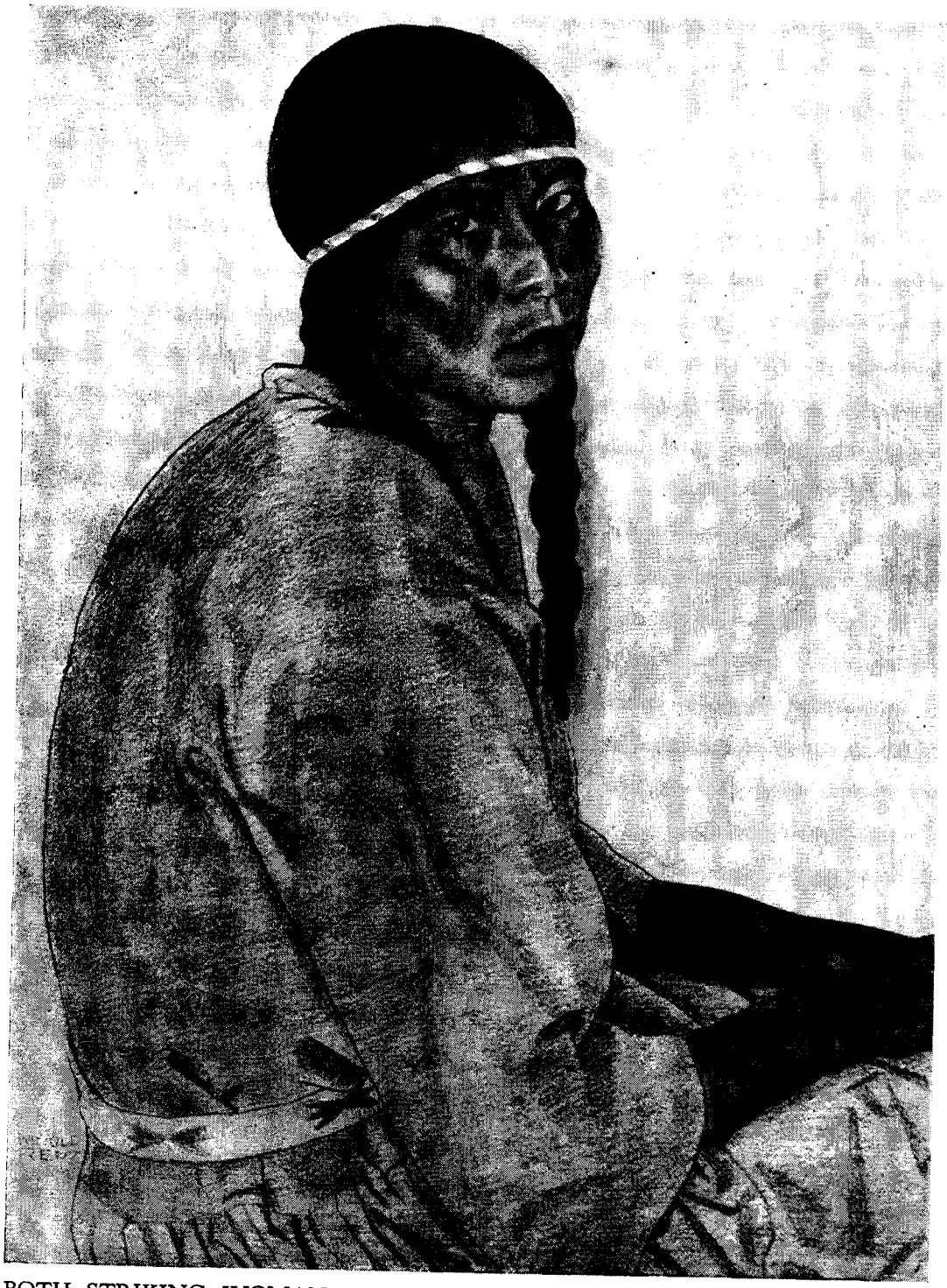

BOTH STRIKING WOMAN — BLACKFEET INDIAN

Winold Reiss Paints the Northern Indians

OVER eighty of Mr. Reiss' studies of the Blackfeet of Glacier National Park, Montana, and the North Piegan, Blood and North Blackfeet across the border in Canada have been purchased by Louis W. Hill, chairman of the Great Northern Railroad, and are now being shown throughout the country. "They are an artistic people," says Mr. Reiss. "Every Indian can draw his life story and name. The women are remarkable decorators, as their tent-backs, clothes and ornaments prove. They have a splendid sense of color. Their home life too is beautiful; they have great love for their children and take care of their aged." The Canadian tribe-brother is the better off: his winters are not so severe, his soil is richer; his government treats with him through his chiefs; his rites are respected.

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BAD MARRIAGE, BLACKFEET

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CHIEF WHITE GRASS, BLACKFEET

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BLOOD SQUAWS, CANADA

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NIGHTSHOOT, BLACKFEET, MONTANA

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How I Found the Thing Worth Waiting For

By MARY AUSTIN

WHEN I consider my beginnings I see that I must have been born a radical, in the sense of never being willing to accept what was told me, of wanting always to go to the roots of things. I recall my earliest expression of it, when I was full of pride in my first five dollars which my grandfather had given me for reading the Bible from cover to cover. I was then about ten years old—if a child of mine had to read the Old Testament I would prefer that it should be before the reader was old enough to know what it meant—and I asked my mother how it was they knew that the Bible was the Inspired Word of God. "Because it says in the Bible that it is God's Word," my mother answered. But the germs of literary criticism must also have been in me, for I recall replying that not everything in books was necessarily true, since in Hans Christian Anderson it said . . . "But if it is God's word it must be true," my mother placidly insisted.

"There now," said my father, with that odd burr in his speech which only came there when he was amused, "let's see ye get to the bottom of that, ye little . . ." but I never can be sure of the quaint Scotch words that he used to apply to me more than to any of his other children.

Feminism by Inheritance

THE beginnings of feminism must also have come to me by inheritance, since I can never recall a single incident that was told me about my revolutionary and pioneering ancestry, that did not revolve about my great and greater grandmothers. There was a tale about Grandmother Graham that I particularly liked: how shortly after their marriage my grandfather who, because he was lame, had been apprenticed to a tailor before he made a chemist of himself, had bought a fine piece of cloth and made up for her the first ladies' tailored suit ever seen in our town. Afterward he had her daguerreotype taken in it, over which the town was so exercised that the clergyman gave out that he would preach a sermon against female vanity; which was a pleasant custom of the Methodists of that day. It wasn't really vanity that was back of the daguerreotype, but a kind of tribal loyalty. The family name on the maternal side was Daguerre—Middlewesternized to Dugger—and it was believed that the man who had caught the sun in his snare was of a collateral branch.

What I liked best about the story was that, on the day of the reproving sermon, grandmother sailed down the aisle to hear it *dressed in her tailored gown.* Well, her mother had distinguished herself by persuading Greatgrandfather Dugger to put in a water wheel, and herself invited the neighbor women to set up their spinning wheels in the barn loft, to be run by water power. Nothing saved the situation from complete condemnation except that the women actually did spin more yarn on the water-turned wheels. On such excerpts from the family saga I was brought up.

After my father's death, my mother, to fill the gaping days, "turned temp'rance," and was eventually swept into the devoted train of Frances Willard. Frances Willard had a charm under her tongue which could have wiled a bird off a bush; she also succeeded in being a ramping radical without her small-town, Protestant, Middlewestern following ever finding it out. Besides prohibition, she had the most revolutionary ideas about marriage and politics, about the place of women in the scheme of things. Every now and then I can trace ideas of mine which are still too new to be borne by our intelligentsia, as logical developments from the W.C.T.U. pamphlets which my mother used to give me.

This is not the place to explain fully why prohibition was the only idea which ever "took," among Miss Willard's worshipful disciples. Partly because she traced most of the evils she attacked to drink, and partly because the doing away with drink was a plain objective goal at which her followers hoped in their lifetime to arrive. Also because the women who followed her were of an age to be already settled in their chosen moralistic behaviors. They were revolutionary only in their thoughts.

Later I was to suffer much at the hands of my family for my logical evolution in behavior along the lines indicated by Frances Willard. In the late eighties and the nineties, my poor mother often wondered what she had done that Providence should have given her a daughter who departed so far from what a well-brought-up young Methodist young woman should be. When I was speaking publicly, among the earliest to espouse the idea of what afterward became the Court of Domestic Relations (only I wished it to be not a court, but a bureau or commission—some device for putting the wisdom of the more experienced members of society to the service of the less experienced in managing their domestic relations), after a family council I was advised by my elder brother that, although the family would not attempt to control what I said outside, I must understand that such ideas as mine must never be mentioned under my mother's roof, under penalty of my finding her doors forever closed to me. There are no scars like the disaffections of one's household. After that my mother grieved no more over my radicalism, but because I never again would talk to her about my real and intimate concerns.

Fortunately, about that time my destiny took me into the adventure which is the chief source of that confident exuberance of spirit which no contact with this momentarily disillusioned world had ever been able to dim.

"I Was in the Stone Age"

IN 1888, just out of college, I went to live in the California desert and began to know Indians. I became interested in them at first because there was literally nothing else human in my neighborhood to be interested in; and then because they were downtrodden. This is the normal progression of youth. While my contemporaries in more settled districts were beginning to sympathize with "labor," and walk with strikers, I fought the missionaries and the Indian

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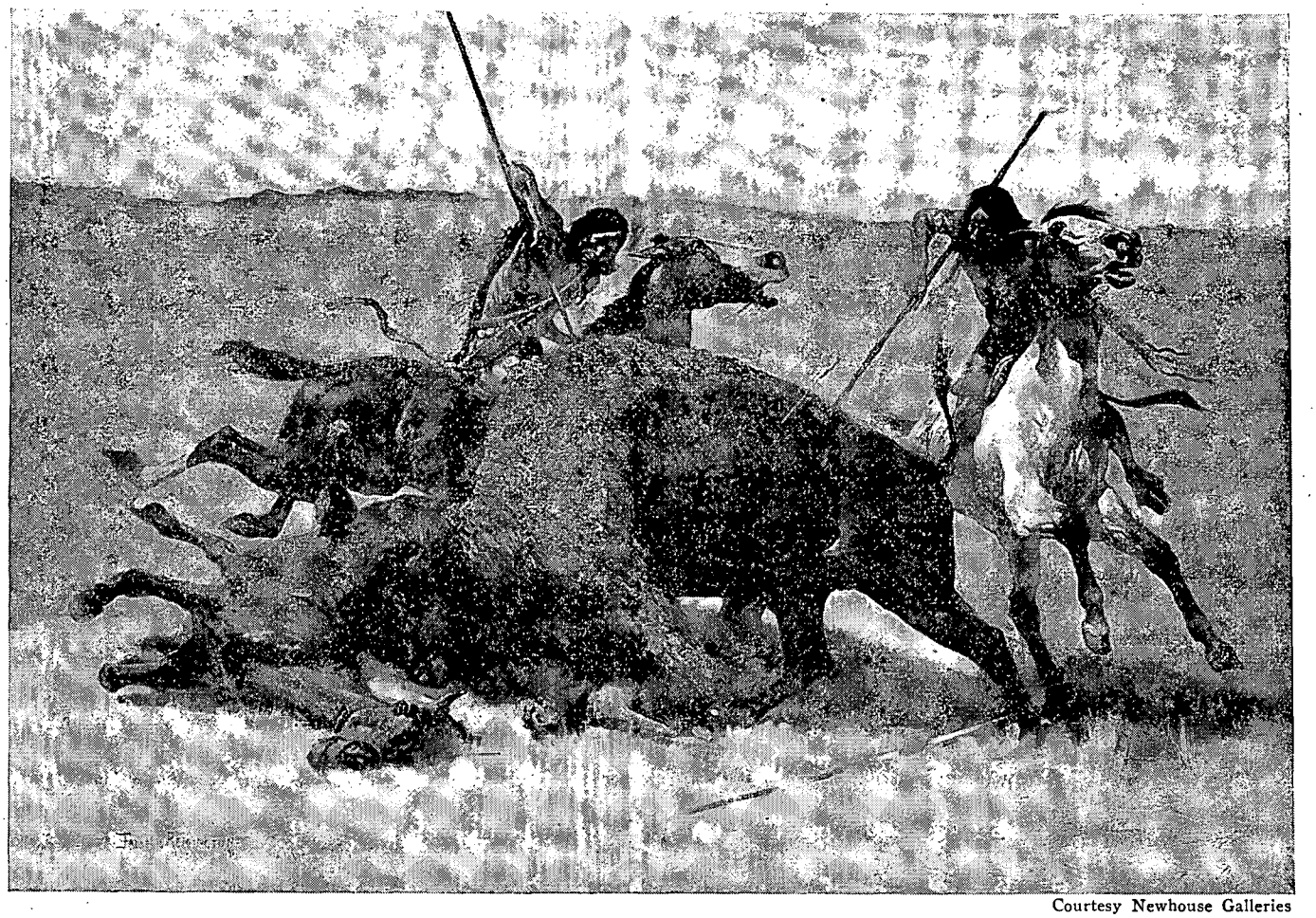

Courtesy Newhouse Galleries

THE BUFFALO HUNT, BY FREDERIC REMINGTON

"In the Stone Age it was understood that there were minds that had an affinity for Things . . . and there were men who easily found game when game was needed. . . . If such a man were a hunter he had, quickly, more skins than his wife could tan, handsome skins, the care of which became an intolerable burden."

Bureau alike for a square deal for the original Americans. In the midst of my finding out what constituted a square deal for the aborigine, suddenly a door opened on my path, and I knew where I was exactly. I was in the Stone Age, seeing the beginning of all the social muddle which has vexed my generation so sorely. Curious how I have never been able to get the radicals of my own day to realize this! I know that if a remnant of Europe's Stone Age were discovered, say in the Pyrenees, they would all go there, ex-economists and social philosophers alike, with note-books and acute curiosity. But I was there, in California, U.S.A., and nobody even wanted to hear about it.

For eighteen years I followed that trail with avidity. The business of tracing it clear to our own day governed my reading. I saw the beginning of institutionalized marriage out of natural monogamous mating as the species mark; the rise of capital, not out of greed and oppression as my urban contemporaries would have it, but out of the inescapable tendency of goods to accumulate around dominant personalities. I watched man's primitive struggle with this tendency, which actually, since it happened to him before wage labor was invented, he found clogging. I watched the development of the city-state, and the inevitable evolution of republicanism into communism, and saw communism die of its own inhibitions.

So far as I am able to discover, the only miscalculation in all my study was in supposing that contemporary radicalism was really interested in these things. By 1903-04, intermittent visits to San Francisco had brought me in touch with radicals, whose word for existing conditions I was inclined to accept. In 1906 I went to Europe, where I met radicals of various nationalities, had long talks with H. G. Wells, and heard Shaw and the Webbs at the Fabian Society. It was not until I reached New York, however, in 1909, that I discovered that the reason why none of the American radicals wished to hear about my excursions into the Stone Age, was that they thought they already knew everything.

That, in brief, seems to me to have been the trouble with pre-war radicalism. It never was a radicalism that went to the roots, but back to a doctrinaire teaching; Karl Marx's for choice. It was paralyzingly sure not only of beginnings, but of ends. I recall with what shock I used to hear the New York radicals betting on the date of the expected social revolution, anywhere from two years to the day after tomorrow. Not even the profound sincerity of such expectation saved it from seeming, to a visitor from the Stone Age, absurd.

Topsy-turvy Radicalism

ONE of the curiosities of prevailing radical faith was the want of logic in such naïve ideas as have been honestly confessed by Fremont Older: that the economic regeneration of the world was to be accomplished by making the poor rich and the rich poor, as Russia has so tragically tried to demonstrate. The same illogicality prevailed in all ideas about sex; they were simply and splendidly reversed. Whereas formerly in marriage the privilege had devolved

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upon the faithful one, it was now bestowed on the unfaithful. To be steadfast proved one limited; to resent a breach of faith, hysterical; mere instability of the affections alone was enough to demonstrate an advanced status. I have heard pre-war radicals so steeped in these absurdities that not even a sense of humor saved them. But all that has been honestly accounted for by Floyd Dell,[1] and received absolution. What has not yet been delimited from the radicalism that evaporated, is the provincialism that still more or less touches all liberal thought that originates or makes its home continuously in New York. Many radicals of that time were so newly come to America that they suffered real incapacity to digest what they found on Manhattan Island alone, and resented my insistence in a deeper rootage further west. The idea that nothing really vital to social evolution can originate in any other place than that in which the intelligentsia happen to be congregated, is a dusty sediment from that vanished state of sociological enthusiasm, lying still over all our thought.

The Roots of Big Business

I WAS several years finding this out. For I was not familiar with the modern instances. I had to go about a great deal before I realized that even words had been so colored with doctrinaire ideas that they had come to mean only what they meant to the adherents of those doctrines. It was, on the whole, an unfortunate time for anybody who wished to talk with radicals without participating in a radicalism which was chiefly revolutionaryism, an adolescent faith in the efficiency of turning everything topsy turvy and expecting it to come out right. Probably it was necessary to go through with this before we could begin digging for roots again, but at the time it was the source of much puzzled impatience on my part.

One of the roots I stubbed against in the Stone Age came up in that very region around which the radicalism of the time raged, the field of human activity which goes by the name of business; Big Business: the inescapable tendency of Things to accumulate about certain types of personality. In the Stone Age it was understood that there were minds that had an affinity for Things. Just as there are always men who can find colorful words, singing phrases to draw into poetry, or magic sounds unheard by others to draw into melody, there were men who as easily found game when game was needful, or herbs the eating of which eased certain pains, or roots that washed infections out of wounds, or colored stones for stringing around the neck.

If such a man were a hunter he had, quickly, more skins than his wife could tan, handsome skins, the care of which became an intolerable burden. If he were skilful with his hands, his artifacts would not wear out fast enough to afford him the pleasure of making. Trade helped; "give-away" parties, potlaches; but still, if he gave it free play, a man's "medicine" piled up Things around him. None of his primitive devices quite satisfied the natural pride of man in the continued well working of his "medicine." If a man of those days were a good warrior with good medicine, even polygamy did not quite suffice to use up the surplus of accumulating Things, and leave him fresh and free for the exercise of his natural aptitudes. Moreover, there came occasions of sickness or old age in which one wished to have back what had been grandiloquently given away.

Then some genius of the tribe invented interest; and for the next ten thousand years a few men accommodated themselves to their own genius for accumulation, while the rest slowly and painfully learned that, if they were not natural born go-getters, it was important for them to learn how to be. Up to the last quarter of the last century the majority of people had not learned it; they had—a goodly portion of them—turned away from learning with despair, and begun to consider the advisability of reinstating the "give-away" party on a compulsory basis. There were even people otherwise intelligent, who assumed that the only solution was to knock the men whose "medicine" for Things was more than average, on the head, as has been done in Russia.

Following this living root under the economic complexities of advancing civilization—complexities which become sharply simplified once you admit that the evolution of a genius for mastering the economic environment is not very different from the evolution of a genius for poetry or painting—it was with joyous amazement one discovered what appeared to be a true shoot coming up to flower in the United States.

It is difficult to date such a discovery, which comes stealing slowly, hedged by doubt and many questionings, but it must have been about 1905 or '06 because it was contemporaneous with my beginning to read—and watch—the Saturday Evening Post. Yes, I have been told The Post is of the high-priesthood of commercialism and its stories with a "business" motive are beneath the contempt of people whose only interest in literature is literary. In the pre-war days, not even so shameless a person as the writer would have admitted to finding it the most significant publication in the United States, and the absolute index of the thing a half century of search has found, in America, chiefly worth fighting for. Just that; the return to the high-priesthood of man's economic conquest of the earth.

We had, in the beginning of this century, vast numbers of people willing-minded toward everything that reading represents, but without the habit of reading in their blood. They were largely prevented from forming such habits agreeably, because very little reading that was afforded them was about anything in which they could normally take an interest. They were interested, this contingent of potential readers, in the same things that absorbed the radicals of that time, the reduction of the economic situation to something compatible with reasonable dignity and comfort. That they had not yet socialized their attitude should not be held against them, particularly by the group whose reason for supposing that Karl Marx was the inspired prophet of social solutions was suspiciously like my mother's for believing in the infallibility of the Bible. Suddenly the people who found reading as difficult a behavior to be easy in as a small boy finds company manners, discovered themselves as the material for fiction, discovered the field of their own chief preoccupation as subject for romance, single-handed combats, Holy Grails and Happy Endings.

SatEvePost Culture

IN one of the small towns which I then frequented, there was a general store kept by three brothers, the eldest of whom had barely attained the eighth grade of grammar school; the second had been through highschool, and the third having finished both, was, at the time my interest in them began, taking a year at business college. What I first noticed was the elder brother, laboriously following

[1] Intellectual Vagabondage, Modern Reader's Bookshelf. Doran.

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with lips and finger, a story in the Saturday Evening Post, frequently conferring with his younger brother as to possible meanings. This was enough to put me on the trail; promptly discovering that I could identify the last "business" story read, by alterations in the conduct of the store. Later I was to find traces of the same process going on all through the world of small business, never before touched by the same enlarging hand of fiction. About that time the same thing began to come through in a score of manifestations of business life, in formulas, in philosophies and idealizations of "business" success, in the multiplication of organizations, Rotary Clubs, and Kiwanis, for the cultivation of a state of mind toward business; "good medicine."

It is sufficiently admitted now on all sides, this gradual emergence of a mystical attitude toward the mastery of the economic environment, among Americans; but not sufficiently understood what that mystical attitude means and fully implies. What a late resident of the Stone Age saw in it, is the slow transference of emphasis from the objective factor in economic mastery, to the subjective factor. In short, what has been going on quite openly for the last twenty-five years is the spiritualization of business. In this case, by spiritual I mean exactly what physical science is demonstrating, namely: that material processes—matter itself—are primarily manifestations of invisible energy. Good business is at last being understood as the result of a mystical—that is to say, a widely experienced but little understood—cooperation between a man's immediate self and his deep self.

I refuse here to be put off with the apparent futility of many of these popular mystical processes, with their quality of absurdity. Mystics are, as a rule, either right or ridiculous; sometimes both. All science has had its phases of absurdity, as it has circled about the problems of astronomy, chemistry, and psychology. All approach to truth is mystical when it is in the stage in which truth is deeply felt and not yet successfully formulated. It is inevitable that the right approach to the fundamentals of economics, under whatever veils of incomplete understanding, should be made by "business" men, rather than the economic radicals who, impotent of the constructive activities of "business," are doing just what Jesus—under whose banners they often believe themselves to be fighting—warned them against doing, "taking thought." They are wasting their energies on invented devices for dividing the heap of wealth, instead of trying to understand economic mastery as a continuing cosmic process.

The Stone Age Business Man

TO be as explicit as possible about this mystical attitude, which no one has quite unveiled, it seems to be concerned with the extension of the individual consciousness. After prayerful exercise and a few hours sleep, the Stone Age business man could get up in the morning and go more directly and successfully to his hunting than he could without these preliminaries. He called the proper state of mind for good hunting, "a feeling in his heart," which is probably the way a homing pigeon would explain itself. Without this feeling in the heart for finding food, shelter, cures, levers, wheels, wireless and radio, life could not have maintained itself on the globe for an hour. It went on four millenniums before the formation of secondary reactions—such as greed, ambition, jealousy—began to obscure the primary process from human intelligence.

For a long time, man believed that the processes which linked him with economic mastery were outside of himself, a kind of universal "medicine" which "worked" only when he induced it by prayers and oblations. Every step of the growth of a crop, for instance, was to the Stone Age man, a separate process, which could only be made to happen in due succession by psychological effort on his part. He believed that, by his song and rites, he was stimulating the cosmic "medicine" to carry on the process of growing corn. What he was actually doing was *drawing those processes over into his own consciousness*. What any economic mastery requires, is that the master shall have all the *involved processes and their causal relations to one another* in his consciousness, *all at once*. For the completest success, it is also required that he shall see these processes and their relationships naked, shall not interrupt them nor disguise them with self-originating emotions, prejudices, notions, superstitions, conventions, ignorances.

The Environment of Flivverdom

TAKE a man like Henry Ford. Mr. Ford can not only hold within his consciousness all the process of automobile-making, from the raw ore in the mine to the flivver running about the highways, but he can correctly estimate the effect of the least shift of one of the processes on all the others. He can also take in enough of the environment of flivverdom to anticipate wholly extraneous happenings which might eventually affect it. He can do this without appreciable effort, probably without even lying awake nights or wrinkling his forehead.

Any man with a less extended consciousness toward these particular things is necessarily at a disadvantage when dealing with Henry Ford. What my little groceryman was doing, reading The Saturday Evening Post, was accomplishing this extension of his economic consciousness, which had so far remained adequate to the needs of himself and his family. The people business men hire are simply people with more primitive types of economic consciousness, as the people chemists hire have primitive types of chemical consciousness. Just how primitive the economic mind of the majority may be, is obscured from us by the numbers of people who are living by formulas; the people who would never save unless they were early in their youth hypnotized into doing so; who, if they were left to discover for themselves the necessity of laying up for old age, would never discover it outside of a copy-book.

Many of the things I am trying to describe are also obscured by our habit of describing them as moral states, states of laziness, or of greed, as the case may be. What I learned from my Stone Age friends is that a man with naturally good business "medicine" can no more help growing rich than the man without it can help being poor. Of course the Stone Age never bothered much about the heap which, previous to the invention of wage labor, was a good deal of a nuisance to its accumulator. If too much of a nuisance, he simply walked away and left it—very often under the guise of an oblation to some deity.

In the more primitive states of society, the individual state of consciousness was more nearly uniform. Today we are attempting economic mastery with a population which ranges all the way from super-economic endowments like Henry Ford's, to paleolithic lack of it. And wage labor, which was not invented until the late Roman Empire, as a

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means of reconciling the two, does not seem a particularly satisfactory contrivance.

Before this new perception of business as a spiritual adjustment of man to objects can be erected into a successful social system, it must become much clearer in the general mind, and on the part of the few leaders must be wholly self-conscious. Suppose a man like Herbert Hoover, through whose consciousness the trade of the world moves like pieces on a board, should wake up in the night and suddenly realize that this is the cosmic consciousness of Things moving in him—but H. H. would be inhibited from realizing that, if by nothing else, by the American superstition that it is immodest to think of yourself as having a genius even for Things, and unlucky to speak of the profounder movements of your soul in public. There is Henry Ford, however, with his tremendous genius for mechanical contrivance, and *Henry Ford almost knows what he is doing!*

This Spiritual Approach

THIS is, to the writer, the most hopeful process now going on among us, this spiritual approach to economic solutions, spirit being understood as the great physicists are now demonstrating it to be, as a specialized type of energy, operating from within. I am, though it seems to take its rise in the least intellectual regions of our group life, the more hopeful about it because it coincides so nearly with new concepts which are rapidly rising in the innermost inner circle of the intelligentsia.

It must be plain that the idea that material wealth is rather a creation of man's inner activity, than of his exterior struggle, can not be formulated politically without first giving rise to a new type of group-consciousness, based upon the comparative degree of such activity in individual men. This makes it a matter to be thankful for that our pre-war radicalism simply faded from the scene, like the dreams of adolescence, in a cloud of tender reminders, instead of leaving us scarred, as Europe must be for generations, with the throes of its violent dissolution. For the group consciousness of those days was all tainted with antagonism toward some other group.

No doubt the assiduous working up of class-consciousness during the later decades of the last century and the first of this, served a need of the period. It was, however, all based upon the idea that social solution was to be found in the division of the heap.

But once we become convinced that the heap itself is a matter of the extension of a certain type of consciousness, there will come a shift in emphasis from the heap to the activity which produced it. Class-consciousness grew out of the notion that the heap was limited by the ability of one group to grab it off another. You can see that Henry Ford already knows that the heap is of secondary importance and, without knowing very much more, Herbert Hoover knows that. So soon as we have our whole intelligence centered on the primary, interior activities of wealth production, we shall see that separations or antagonism in the economic consciousness of the group will act as so many rocks and snags in the flow of that economic consciousness, holding up production.

The weak point of all mechanically socialistic and communistic programs for our economic salvation, has always been the division of the heap. Charlotte Perkins Gilman used to have a neat little formula—what an age of formulas that was!—to the effect that Socialism would provide for every man "according to his needs." But since need refers, nine times out of ten, to future exigencies, and since the future is still so largely impossible to know, how can any man even decide for himself what he needs, and how much less any other man for him? But when you say, "to each according to his interior capacity to conceive and hold in consciousness," we have a basis that automatically lifts us out of the most vexatious problem of radical programs. It may also automatically dispose of wage labor as an inadequate mechanical invention, or at any rate alter the whole status of wage allotment.

Being an artist by temperament and a radical by inheritance, I know that the radicals by intellectual conviction understand no more about the needs of artists than did my Methodist family. They were, perhaps unconsciously, rating the artist as they rated any other laborer—by his heap, the material measure of his contribution; and all their measures for accommodating poet and prophet and all the tribe of spiritual hoboes, are—as that preeminent Socialist, Bernard Shaw, admits—quite as inadequate as those that prevail today. No sooner had I learned that economic success is largely a state of mind, than I put it in practice, to the extent at least of freeing myself from the degree of economic pressure to which I saw many a radical by conviction yield his native right of self-expression. I "make medicine" every day as faithfully as any good Kiwanian, though possibly by a method more in accordance with our latest psychological knowledge. For this is the final argument in favor of the concept of economic mastery, that it is the only one which accounts for the way in which economic success eludes the limitation of what we are accustomed to call, and to esteem for this very limitation, intellect. All the newer psychology goes to show that it is much easier for a man to enlarge and extend and utilize, by deliberate effort, his deep levels of consciousness, than to do the same thing with his intellect. It is time for radicals to get done with sniffing over the certainty that intellectualism has very little to do with economic mastery, and get down to the plain business of finding out what that fact means. What it may possibly mean is that intellect, in the solution of economic problems, is inferior to the natural outgoing of a man's spirit toward the exigencies of his life which in the Stone Age we call his "medicine."

Furnishings for a Hope Chest

WITH this shift of emphasis in my economic view, it can be better understood why I feel most hopeful when my fellow radicals are most cast down. Why I rejoice in the decline of class-consciousness and do not feel utterly depressed by the prevalence of that other great American fallacy, the notion that an efficient group-consciousness is best produced by making us all over into an indistinguishable alikeness. No doubt this bath of universal manner, dress, sentiment and ideation in which we are more or less immersed, will take out of us a great many superficial kinks, render the least available minds supple as against our common need of communal acquiescence. Even the most condemned of our Fundamentalists, who insist on changing the phraseology of the scientific textbooks, are doing for us what science is a little too stiff to do, getting rid of the obsolescent phrases of evolution, as against our need of reconceiving the universe as a double process, a process of the *in*volution of spirit into form before there can be any evolution of form as the vehicle of spirit. (*Continued on page* 464)

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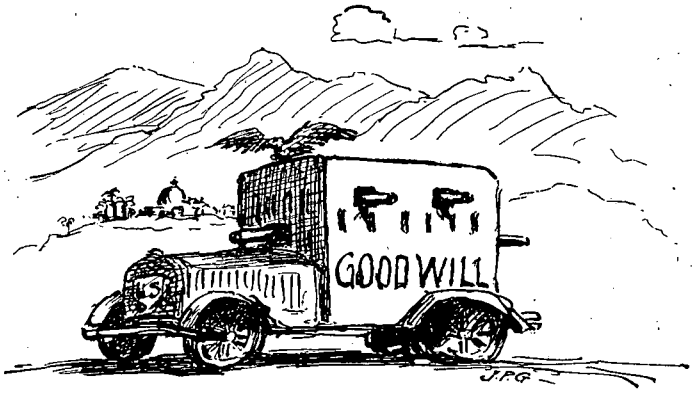
Friendly Visiting in an Armored Car

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT



EVERYTHING depends on how you do it, and the atmosphere of the doing. For example, there was a woman bent upon friendly visiting, and charged with desire to teach the Other Half how to live. She took her courage in her hands and walked into the tenement house. She was a bit startled to see how clean was the kitchen; the polished stove with its glistening kettle and black flatirons; the floor gleaming white; the windows fleckless. She had expected something quite different.

"Good afternoon," she began. "I've come to call on you."

"You're quite welcome; it's very kind of you," the Poor Woman said. "Take a seat. I'm just finishing my ironing."

The visitor was somewhat at a loss how to begin. They hadn't much in common—not even bridge. (This, by the way, was in Chicago, many years ago; of course it couldn't happen now!) She would come straight to the point:

"Er-does your husband drink?"

"Why, no," the other gasped. Then, with evident sympathy and impulse to be helpful—"does yours?"

THEN there was the case of the Kind-hearted Elephant that came upon a nest of bird's eggs, hidden in the grass.

"These eggs are getting cold. Something has delayed the mother-bird. I have many social engagements, and my own offspring are none too well cared for. But they are of fine stock, and a little more neglect will not hurt them. Somebody ought to sit on this nest until the mother-bird returns. It might as well be me. . . ."

AT a Foreign Policy luncheon the other day, Ernest Gruening raised an interesting question:

"Suppose—just suppose," he said, "that a Mexican in a fight thirty miles north of the Rio Grande, had killed a citizen of the United States, and there was danger of his being lynched. Inadequate protection for him and for due process of law. No time for diplomatic representations to Washington. Local authorities incapable or indifferent; the mob getting out of hand.

"What then would be the duty of the Mexican army? Would it be incumbent upon Mexico to cross the border, to save that portion of the United States from lapsing into barbarism?"

It is very difficult. I am not among those who would allow any part of this hemisphere to go to the devil in its own jolly old fashion, regardless of what might be happening in the midst of it to our own citizens—or to those of other nationalities whose safety we have in a manner of speaking guaranteed. This is one of the most complicated situations in all of our international relationships.

IT is quite true that we have stretched the Monroe Doctrine far beyond its original intent. That momentous utterance was specifically, and at the time only, a warning to Metternich and other tyrants of Europe, bent upon restoring autocracy all over the world, and particularly upon destroying the new republics in Latin-America, that the United States would not tolerate any intrusion in this hemisphere. President Monroe could not have foreseen the conditions existing now, any more than he could have foreseen the airplane and the radio—any more than George Washington or Thomas Jefferson when they talked about "foreign entanglements" could foresee present-day international relationships. Any idea that in promulgating the Monroe Doctrine the United States was assuming a general responsibility for affairs political or otherwise in the Western Hemisphere was an inference doubtless logical in the nature of things; but it was hardly thought of then; much less expressed.

NEVERTHELESS that logic was inexorable, and time has emphasized it. When you warn all outsiders out of your neighborhood, and forbid everybody to protect even his own interests therein, you assume responsibility for everybody, including strangers, within the territory in which you have volunteered to become the law. You have undertaken to preserve the peace, to suppress lawless gangs, to control disorderly children, and what-not else. Anyway that is the way the rest of the community will interpret your declaration; especially if they are in the habit of looking after such things themselves. We have served notice in emphatic fashion and repeatedly, upon all the rest of the world that they may not take any steps by force to protect their nationals on this side of either ocean.

So there comes up, whether we like it or not, the question of our general responsibility everywhere—south of the Canadian border; it is assumed that north of it Great Britain is within her own doorway.

THESE Latin-American nations—nations in theory and self-conscious spirit as independent as ourselves; as truculently proud as ourselves—have their own point of

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view from which to observe what we do. Especially how we do it—they are very sensitive people. In times past we have not been very tactful toward them. We have "intervened" thirty-odd times within the past thirty years. Our "friendly visiting" has had a certain supercilious air about it that we ourselves would not tolerate from any Power under heaven.

There are all kinds of Big Brothers in the world. Some of them are mere bullies, capitalizing their size. Some of them mean well enough, but don't know how to do it. Size and legal or quasi-legal responsibility, especially if self-assumed, carry with them not only rights and obligations but the necessity for tact and understanding.

It might be possible to make the Monroe Doctrine a welcome and prized thing from the Canadian border to Terra del Fuego; a bond of fellowship knitting the Western Hemisphere into a unity of vast potentiality. Dwight Morrow in Mexico has shown how easy it is to do it right. He interrupted almost overnight an era of hostility. If somehow we could convince these nations of our good intentions and general spirit toward them they would be quite willing to accept us as the Big Brother that the logic of location and history compel us to be. All depends upon the technique and atmosphere of it. Suspicion about our further stretching of the Monroe Doctrine is the real reason why no Latin-American nation has as yet accepted the Kellogg Pact. There is a bad past to be lived down.

MR. HOOVER'S pilgrimage through Latin America is, from this point of view, of the highest importance and happiest augury. It may be that he did not need to make this journey so far as his own state of information and understanding is concerned. It may be that the expedition was partly a measure of escape from the horde of office-seekers and selfless advisers who otherwise would have been making his life these days a nightmare. But as a mere gesture of friendliness and desire for better acquaintance, mutual understanding, the unprecedented undertaking is rich with possibilities. Mr. Hughes at Havana last year vastly improved the atmosphere of pan-American relationships. Mr. Hoover is pushing along the same thing. It is undoing a world of mischief in the past, and may mean more than is realized by any of those participating in it.

PITY it is that the Hoover expedition had to be made in a warship. A friendly visitor, paying calls in an armored car! Upon neighbors whose chief suspicion and experience has been that relationships have marines and airplane bombs behind them if not in sight. 'Tis somewhat a handicap to verisimilitude. Uncle Sam's equipment of vehicles for purely social calls is, to be sure, a bit limited. It would almost pay to spend some of the impending cruiser appropriations upon an unarmed vessel, in which presidents-elect might pay their visits of good-will. Of course, we all know, and the South Americans know, that upon this occasion the United States warship Maryland, armed to the teeth, a floating volcano of hell-fire, means and will inflict no harm as she lies at the neighbors' doorways while the newly-elected president goes inside to exchange expressions of undying friendship! Well, you remember the story of the little child afraid of the dog?

"Yes, he looks fierce, and he is barking," the owner of the dog admitted. "But don't you see, he is wagging his tail?"

"I see his tail," sobbed the child. "But *I don't know which end of him to believe!*"

JUST as these words are going to the printer, there is lively threat of war between Bolivia and Paraguay—over an ancient boundary question, very complicated upon its merits, and an unusually disastrous scrap between armed border patrols. Quite like the rumpus which broke out just three years ago between Greece and Bulgaria and was promptly squelched by the League of Nations, of which both were members. And here both Bolivia and Paraguay are members of the league, pledged to pacific settlement of just such disputes! A pretty kettle of fish, to be sure, involving the whole question of the relation of the league to Latin-American controversies, the attitude of the United States toward it and them. 'Twould be risky at this writing to prophesy what may come of it. Public opinion is declaring itself unmistakably already.

Also at the same moment there is convening at Washington a meeting of plenipotentiaries of twenty nations of this hemisphere—including both Bolivia and Paraguay—whose chief business is to see what can be done about a multilateral treaty embodying the principle of obligatory arbitration. This to fulfil the principle adopted last year at the Pan-American Conference at Havana. Possibly something may be accomplished there to pacify this situation; but the hooligans are abroad in both countries, clamoring for a fight. Time is short.

It is more than one hundred years since Simon Bolivar, at the Panama Congress in 1826, proposed arbitration as a general principle of intercourse among the nations of this hemisphere. Four republics (representing territory now comprised in eleven) entered into a multilateral treaty to that effect, and the principle has been a pretty live one ever since, despite the not-infrequent scuffling. But a draft treaty adopted at the First International Conference of American States at Washington in 1889 never was generally adopted—partly no doubt, if not chiefly, because it never was ratified by the United States.

SO here we have a first-class opportunity for the United States to show something real toward fulfilment of the responsibility which we have assumed and which is all the more vital because of the embarrassment affecting normal League of Nations action as regards its members in South America.

Mr. Hoover is to be president of the United States. Virtually in that capacity he has gone out of his way to visit beforehand these countries in which we have permitted ourselves to be, let us say, misunderstood. Quite as much have we permitted ourselves to misunderstand. The position is more than ordinarily precarious at this moment.

Warship or no warship—that is not after all a very serious matter. When we stop barking, Latin-America will be quite ready to believe the end that wags. There is, however, an aspect even more important. We can stop thinking of ourselves as bossing the Western Hemisphere, and take instead the attitude of belonging to it. Big Brother, if you like, but the kind of big brother who does things *with*, rather than *to* or *for*, the rest of the family. Which is a very different thing.

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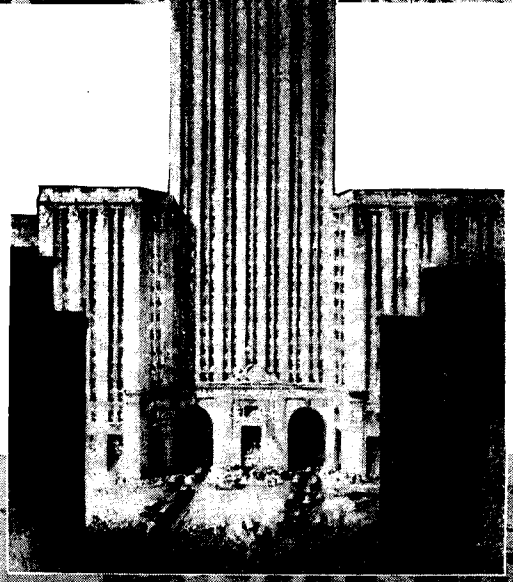
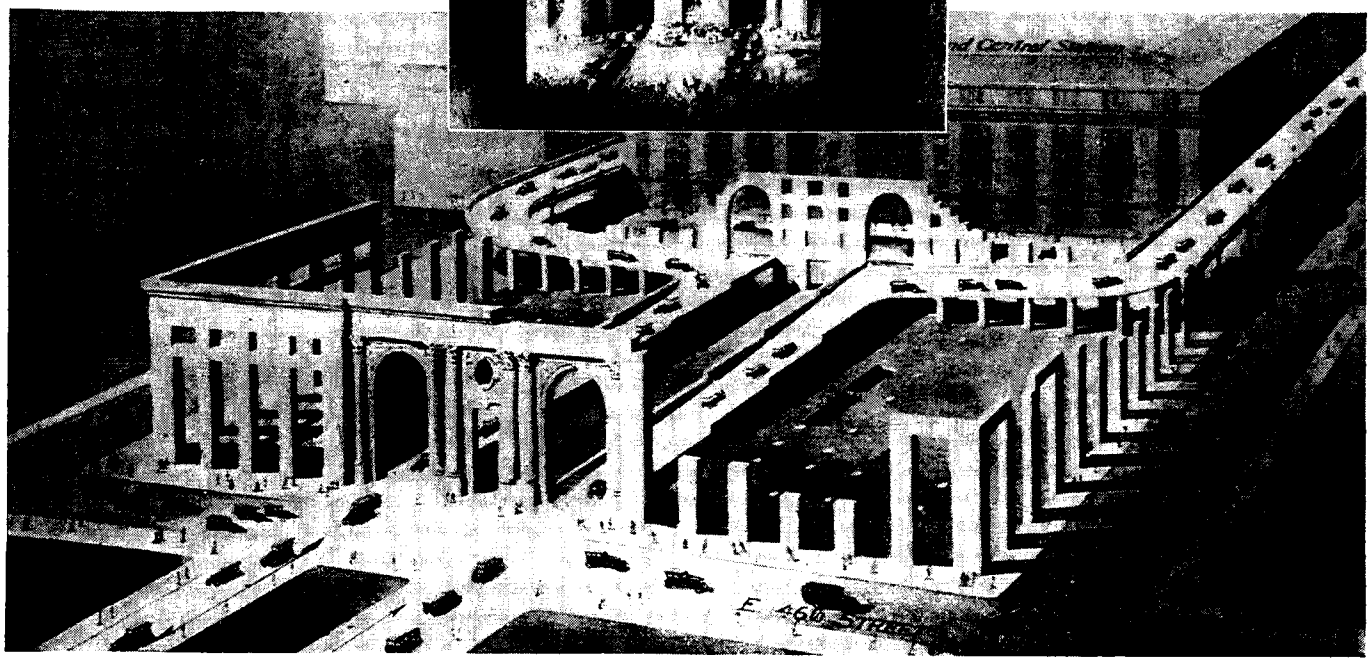
Cutting Through Congestion

A NEW 35-story skyscraper may help the traffic problem—when architects, engineers and municipality are ingenious! Unimpeded flow of traffic in Manhattan's busiest area (above) is obtained by routing vehicles via tunnel-like passages through the New York Central Building (right)



RAMPS that rise from the street level on 46th Street and continue to 45th Street carry the ceaseless stream of vehicles around the Grand Central Terminal on viaducts high enough to permit cross-town traffic to pass below (bottom picture). No traffic lights for six whole blocks!



Photographs by New York Central Lines

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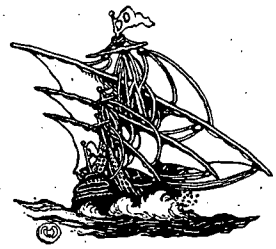

EDITORIALS

SIDNEY HILLMAN, president of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, has received the Harmon Foundation Award of one thousand dollars and medal for distinguished public service during 1927. The immediate reasons for this honor were the achievements of the Amalgamated, under Mr. Hillman's leadership, in housing and in unemployment insurance. Last winter the Amalgamated opened a cooperative apartment building, which has provided light, air, clean and well-equipped homes for three hundred families at the low cost for New York of eleven dollars per room per month. The privilege of membership in the group of resident cooperating families is limited to trade unionists, but not exclusively to members of the Amalgamated. These apartments were not only designed for wage-workers, they are actually occupied by wage-workers. Their administration from the hygienic and esthetic as well as from the financial point of view has been so conspicuously successful as to make them "model" in fact as well as in name. They are the first unit in a proposed series which, if equally successful, will place this union of men's clothing workers in the forefront of municipal housing reformers.

During 1927, the Amalgamated, again under Mr. Hillman's leadership, formulated the plan which has now extended to Rochester and New York the system of unemployment insurance which was inaugurated in the men's clothing industry of Chicago five years ago. During 1928 the contributions of employers and workers to the Chicago unemployment insurance fund has slightly exceeded $4,800,000; benefits to the amount of $3,800,000 have been distributed among the 25,000 men's clothing workers in that market; administrative expenses were held down to the low sum of $326,000. What five years ago was an experiment, viewed by many with skepticism, by some with alarm, has brought security not only into the lives of thousands of families, but by fostering the spirit of good-will and cooperation, has given the manufacturers an increased sense of security. Under Mr. Hillman's leadership, the same system has been established in Rochester and is being adapted to the complex social and industrial conditions surrounding the industry in New York City.

THESE achievements, the immediate occasions for the Harmon Award, illustrate a philosophy of industrial leadership which is peculiarly a product of America, although rather of the emergent future America than the America of the isolationist, forest-burning, soil-skimming frontiersman. In reviewing the first ten years of the history of the Amalgamated, Sidney Hillman said in 1924:

> We built our organization on a more solid and more concrete foundation because we were not guided merely by selfish interests. We approached our task not as outsiders, but as partners to whom the condition of the industry as a whole is of paramount importance. So it was not a matter of merely securing a better wage that we had put before ourselves; we were out to eliminate chaos and arbitrary rules and to substitute constitutional government. . . . If we concern ourselves with the industry, if we assume self-imposed obligations toward the industry, it is only just that the industry should assume obligations toward the men and the women who work in it, who make it possible, and lay the basis for its prosperity. Hence the establishment of unemployment insurance.

But the obligations of employers and wage-workers are not limited to their industry or to themselves as members of particular industrial groups. What is their task? "It is two-fold," said Sidney Hillman. "As workers in the industry we are to elevate our status to that of a maximum of power and responsibility in the councils of the industry. And, as citizen workers in the nation's workshops, we are to work incessantly for the advance of this country and its people toward a state of affairs where there shall be no room left for poverty and special privilege." Hence cooperative apartments, credit unions, the first and most conspicuously successful of labor banks—all directed to the abolition of poverty and the advancement of public well-being.

Sidney Hillman, with the support of his thousands of associates, has demonstrated that a trade union, by self-discipline and under responsible leadership, may not only safeguard and advance the economic interest of its own members and of the industry in which they are partners, but may also translate its ideas into terms of direct public service. It is to Sidney Hillman, the American citizen and democratically chosen leader of worker-citizens, that the Harmon Award for conspicuous public service in 1927 has been fittingly made.

THE election of Bishop Francis J. McConnell as president of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America on its twentieth anniversary was the culmination of certain trends in religious thinking and of certain developments in the bishop's life. He brings rare gifts to this position of leadership in the Protestant churches. To understand the effect of Bishop McConnell on the industrial center of Pittsburgh, from which he was recently moved to New York, and to appreciate the fruitage that may be expected from his leadership of the Federal Council, one must go into his personality and attainments. While he is a churchman, he is also a courageous leader of men and a philosophic scholar. Seldom do these characteristics come together in one personality.

It was as a leader of men and one of the church group

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which fathered the Interchurch steel-strike report that Bishop McConnell was sent to Pittsburgh. The difficulty of his position at that time cannot be overestimated. He entered Pittsburgh as a militant and progressive churchman, believing in the application of Christianity to all the problems of life, including that of industry, and bearing the arduous burden of holding such a position in this industrial center. When he left Pittsburgh after eight years, he had not only held his place as a courageous leader, but he had won another as probably the most scholarly and profound philosopher that had ever lived in the city. When Bertrand Russell spoke before the University Extension Society in Pittsburgh on his philosophy, the choice of that society for a philosopher to give the opposing idealistic point of view was Bishop McConnell. Wherever scholars and thoughtful men met in Pittsburgh, the most revered seat was occupied by Bishop McConnell. A periodical of another denomination once suggested that the Methodist Episcopal Church release him from his church duties in order that he might give his time to the preparation and publication of his conception of philosophy. Moreover, he has the gifts of humor, of clear vision, of broad sympathy.

ONE cannot use the word tolerance with regard to Bishop McConnell because his attitude of mind is entirely different from that of a merely tolerant thinker. He was a sympathetic thinker, bending an understanding ear to all who differed. In the heat of the difficulties of the Catholic Church in Mexico, the problem was discussed at the Hungry Club Open Forum in Pittsburgh. A prominent Catholic lawyer was brought from outside the city by the local Catholics to present their cause. A little later Bishop McConnell, who had recently returned from Mexico, also spoke on the Mexican problem. It is to his everlasting credit that he said what he felt was just. Yet his sympathies were so broad and his understanding so deep that one of the leading Catholic members, as he left the room, said, "He has presented our side better than we did." When Bishop McConnell left Pittsburgh a Catholic paper published an article stating that while they differed from him, they appreciated him and deplored his going.

This breadth of understanding was evidenced at the Lausanne religious conference, where such an advance was made in the matter of common thinking and of touching elbows around the world. Later, at the great missionary conference at Jerusalem, Bishop McConnell almost single-handed brought about that advance in the delegates' thinking which led to the declaration that missionaries should not proceed in their labor as disciples of the Prince of Peace under the protection of guns. Under his leadership the Federal Council will go forward to new positions in men's hearts and minds.

TWO decades ago, in 1909, Herbert Croly brought out his book, The Promise of American Life. He coined a meaning for the phrase, consonant with the special genius of the new world. He put the social, political and economic factors asserting themselves in our national existence through the crucible of a finely tempering mind, and gave them design. Here was a man who as editor of the Architectural Record was sensitive to structural relations, to the fabrication of materials into creations of beauty and use; and from this coign of vantage he scanned the circumstances of our common life with freshness, incisiveness and the bent of a builder. It is seldom that a book takes hold as this one did, not merely in the matter of editions but translated into a weekly periodical which has become a consecutive educational force. The New Republic was launched in 1914. In conception, in its working set-up, and its impact on public opinion, it was a new and arresting adventure. Mr. Croly gathered about him an extraordinary group of associates—the Straights, Walter Lippmann, Francis Hackett, Walter Weyl, Felix Frankfurter, Philip Littell, Robert Hallowell and others. They were soon confronted with a changed world. The War was on. The American press had been insulated, provincial. In The New Republic, we all got a glimpse behind the scenes. And then and in the period following the War, it dealt smashing blows at the cramp and distortion of the day's news. Its effect on American newspaper journalism was cleansing and quickening. Its effect on American thinking far outranged its circulation, for this was among key people. It brought social insight, stretched horizons, gave edge to discussion, and constructive thrust to criticism. Then it came upon years when its working scheme, its editorial frontage, its editor were put to more severe test—years when political, social and economic concerns lapsed. Scheme and editors have met that test. They have flown their flag against the wind and it has brought courage and renewed purpose to men and women all over the country. In a hundred situations it has counted for tolerance, for truth and for a living faith.

In the new year and in the new decade, there is promise in American life in the sense that Herbert Croly put his stamp on the phrase. That was one of the great meanings underlying the huge vote at the November elections. People do care. And in this new decade The New Republic is needed as never before. Mr. Croly's able associates of today are not alone in wishing for him a swift recovery from the illness which keeps him from his desk as the New Year opens. Years of quickening open out before a spirit which refused to strike its colors in a period of disillusionment and stalemate along its chosen fighting ground.

JUDGE HARRISON EWING of Cleveland has denied the newspaper statements that he had "sentenced" a young couple to three years' birth control, with the explanation that he merely expressed regret that the juvenile court had no power to order that contraceptive information be given in cases such as theirs. The mother, married at seventeen, has borne three children in the past three years; the father, now twenty-seven, earns $24 a week at work that is often irregular. Under the Ohio statutes, neither court nor social worker can tell a family like this how to keep some proportion between its income and its children. In Ohio, however, as in most of the states, this prohibition does not extend to regularly licensed physicians, though some states, like New York, declare it illegal for a physician to give contraceptive information unless he feels that the mother's life or health is at stake. Cleveland has a perfectly legal clinic where medical advice on birth control may be obtained, but here arises another complication. Had the judge wished to direct these plaintiffs to it when they

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came to him asking a divorce to end their difficulties, he could have done so in court by word of mouth. But supposing that he had forgotten the address and had to send a letter—or that some socially-minded publication like Survey Graphic wanted to tell Clevelanders that a clinic had been opened at 969 Methuselah Street (one hasn't, we hasten to add, guarding our mailing privilege). Then the federal statute would come into play, brandishing a $5,000 fine or five years' imprisonment for using the postal service to disseminate this information. The American Birth Control League cannot answer by mail the inquiries of correspondents about completely legal clinics and physicians in their own communities. Some champion of states' rights may well inquire why Uncle Sam forbids the people of one state to write even to each other about things which it is quite lawful for them to do.

ONE year ago a vast expanse of spinach farms; early in 1929, two hundred and fifty charming detached houses ready to receive two hundred and fifty families. A new town, the first in the world planned for a motor age, Radburn, New Jersey, is not the result of the waving of a fairy wand—miracle-like though it is—but of the well-thought-out plans and the imagination of Alexander M. Bing and his associates in the City Housing Corporation (see Survey Graphic, March 1928, A Town for the Motor Age). Carpenters and masons, plumbers, painters and landscape gardeners are hurrying to complete the transformation of this flat farm-land for the two hundred and fifty "pioneer" families who will occupy the first unit of houses. And though it will be nearer the center of Manhattan than Mt. Vernon and the Rockaways, it is hoped Radburn will not be entirely a town of commuters. Already two large industries, the American Radiator Company and the Central Supply Company, have built warehouses on Radburn property.

Radburn children will walk to school via garden paths or by subterranean passages. Grown-up Radburnites will need but rarely to venture on a motor highway to reach their destination. In Radburn there will be no backyards; a parkway will encircle the town. Ultimately Radburn will house some thirty-five thousand souls. Building will be continuous, as fast as the need arises and the money is available to this limited dividend corporation. Houses in the first unit will be sold for prices ranging from $9,500 to $13,500 but others up to $30,000 will be built. The architecture will be varied. Radburn will be a complete city in every sense of the word.

TWO mammouth towers of steel have risen on each side of the Hudson River, one at 179th Street, Manhattan, the other at Fort Lee, New Jersey, evidence that the great Hudson River bridge is progressing by leaps and bounds and that, as report has it, the bridge will probably be dedicated in 1931—a year early. Meanwhile, land values above the crest of the Palisades within a dozen miles of the bridge continue to rise. Builders are still planning vast projects atop these famous ridges. Soon that section of New Jersey will be brought within a stone's throw of Manhattan. Will the beauty of the Palisades be destroyed as a result of a marvelous feat of engineering in an age of commercialism (see Those Private Palisades, Survey Graphic, June, 1928, and Those Private Palisades Again, Survey Graphic, August, 1928)?

To Survey readers this is an old story. To them therefore, as to nature-lovers the country over, the news will be welcome that at last a movement is crystallizing to organize a campaign for the preservation of the Palisades. A joint organizing committee of prominent residents of New York and New Jersey has lately come into being to study the situation and make recommendations. The committee is under the leadership of Walter S. Kidde, president of the board of directors of Stevens Institute, a man actively interested in civic affairs on both sides of the river and member of the New Jersey State Highway Commission. Happily, Mr. Kidde is also chairman of a similar committee appointed recently by the president of the Chamber of Commerce of New Jersey. And Bergen County, where the land in question is located, has waked up too. A committee of important members has been authorized by the Bergen County Chamber of Commerce to study this situation that so vitally affects future growth and development of the county.

What steps will be taken it is a bit early to predict. Actually a great deal of preliminary work must be done. Engineering surveys must be made. How great a parkway to be reserved, what building restrictions to establish, in what way the states of New York and New Jersey can most effectively cooperate—these are matters that it will take time and study to answer. But at least the *laissez-faire* era in this chapter of the Palisades history is at an end. The new interstate group will proceed deliberately, enlisting the cooperation of public and private agencies, making a thorough canvass of the ground and putting the case up to the public. At last inaction has given way to action.

UNEMPLOYMENT has been on the front page the past month, not as a sharp crisis such as we were called on to face last winter, but as one of the causes of social maladjustments and industrial depression that President-elect Hoover is most eager to remedy. The plan put forward in Mr. Hoover's name at the recent Conference of Governors in New Orleans by Governor Brewster of Maine provides for cooperation between federal and state authorities in controlling construction work so "that a reserve may be prudently accumulated in time of plenty against the lean year that is to come." Governor Brewster pointed out that the creation of a construction reserve of $3,000,000,000, equal to two years' normal expenditure in public improvements, "is one of the best forms of insurance against the panics of our past. . . . In some measure it is possible to do for employment what the Federal Reserve System has done for finance and with equal advantage to the country as a whole." This suggestion was put forward in 1921 at the President's Conference on Unemployment of which Mr. Hoover was chairman. Since then it has been widely discussed and action on it taken in a few communities.

Hearings on the three bills introduced by Senator Wagner of New York during the unemployment crisis last winter and providing for the relief of unemployment and the stabil-

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ization of industry through compilation of employment statistics, long-range planning of public work, and cooperative effort by the states to obtain employment for the jobless, are being held during the present session of Congress. The investigation of unemployment and of proposed remedies for it by the Senate Committee on Labor and Education, under a resolution submitted by Senator LaFollette last spring, is also going forward. Employers who have experimented successfully in stabilizing employment within their industry are appearing before this committee, of which Senator Couzens of Michigan is chairman. There will soon be available the data of the broad unemployment study undertaken some months ago by the Brookings Institute of Economics at the suggestion of the committee. This study will discuss the causes, extent and means of alleviating unemployment. The three-year study of going employment reserves and legislative proposals by the Industrial Relations Counselors will be out by spring.

Governor Brewster concluded his presentation of the "Hoover plan" in New Orleans by saying, "Follow the flow of those three billion dollars to the contractor, to the laborer, to the merchants, to the farmer. It goes like the House That Jack Built and unemployment is at an end." To most of us, it seems doubtful whether the complex problem of unemployment can be solved by one wave of the legislative wand. But there is encouragement in this widespread discussion of the question, in Mr. Hoover's constructive interest, in fact-finding and study at a time when no crisis demands hasty remedial action. All the weight of experience, through nation-wide action in certain European countries, through successful stabilization in individual plants in this country, points to the need for this sort of investigation and long-term planning as the most hopeful road toward reasonable security to the worker and to industry.

UNLESS Congress passes some new measure, federal subsidy to promote the well-being of mothers and babies will cease next July with the expiration of the Sheppard-Towner Act. During the six years in which this act has been in force, the infant death-rate has dropped from 76 to 65 per 1,000 live births: that means that last year 24,500 babies survived to their first birthday who would have been lost had the rate of 1921 still obtained. Yet despite this gain, last year more than 138,000 did die, and Grace Abbott, chief of the Children's Bureau, points out that a wider dissemination of our present knowledge probably could have saved half of these very young lives. The hazards of being a baby still vary widely from state to state. The wise infant, could it choose, would select Idaho, with a rate of 50, or Oregon with 48, rather than Arizona, for example, where 130 babies of each 1,000 born died in their first year in 1927.

Many factors may enter into this bookkeeping of life and death: racial stock, climate, economic well-being, and the like. But it seems more than reasonable to suppose that the conferences, letters, home visits, and mothers' classes held under the states cooperating under the Sheppard-Towner Act, which are known to have reached the parents of more than a million babies and young children, have shared in bringing about the improvement. While the death-rate of American women in childbirth, still shockingly high in comparison to the records of other advanced countries, showed no such general and consistent improvement, the greatest reductions were made in the cooperating states where special activities in this field were undertaken, and the gains in rural areas, on which attention was concentrated, were greater than in the cities. That the states have appreciated the benefits of the educational program which this act made possible is apparent in the fact that forty-five of them, and the Territory of Hawaii, have participated; last year the work was carried on in 2,070 counties; and 162 counties have assumed responsibility for maternity and infancy work begun by the state or with state funds, thus putting it on a permanent basis.

THAT this support shall not be withdrawn is the contention of the supporters of the Newton bill, which will be brought before Congress during the present session. This measure would authorize an annual appropriation of $1,000,000 for a child-welfare extension service, under the Children's Bureau, of which not more than $50,000 would be allocated to the District of Columbia, the balance to the states. This money would be spent by the bureau independently, or in cooperation or through the state and territorial authorities engaged in promoting the health of children and mothers, or through county and municipal agencies in that field, with or without the addition of cooperative funds volunteered by official or volunteer agencies or individuals. The Newton bill has the support of all the major women's organizations. In his annual message a few weeks ago President Coolidge declared that "the federal government should continue its efforts in behalf of public health, which are reducing infant mortality and improving the bodily and mental condition of our citizens."

The groups which oppose the Newton bill, among them the American Medical Association which has fought Sheppard-Towner tooth and nail, complain loudly of its principle in using a federal subsidy for work within the states. Perhaps the Newton bill might be helpfully amended by some more careful phrasing to insure cooperation of state and federal authorities, as some of its supporters themselves have pointed out, but when it comes to haling it out of court because it embodies the principle of federal subsidy, one may well inquire, with the National League of Women Voters, just why it is the modest million for babies and mothers that is chosen as the victim. For the fiscal year ending June 3, federal funds amounting to more than $195,000,000 are known to be available for cooperative projects or outright grants to states. More than $50,000,000 is available for independent work, or work in cooperation with states, other units of local government, colleges, private associations, or individuals—projects similar to those proposed in the Newton bill—some $33,000,000 of this under the Department of Agriculture through its bureaus of animal, dairy and plant industry, chemistry and soils, entomology, public roads and the like. Here the principle of federal subsidy seems to be accepted. Yet what crop is worthier of federal investment than the baby crop?

The Children's Bureau is one of the cases in officialdom where economy and efficiency are the watchwords every day in the year, not merely a battle-cry when election draws near. Obviously state legislatures should be looking ahead to salvage by local support as much as possible of the work which has been set in motion under the Sheppard-Towner Act. But granting that, can we refuse to spend for the saving of babies and mothers half as much as we spend, through federal funds, for killing insect pests?

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Courtesy Creative Art

Books, from the painting by Harold Knight

Letters & Life

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

The Vanity of Human Intelligence

THE INTIMATE PAPERS OF COLONEL HOUSE, *edited by Charles Seymour. Vols. III and IV. Houghton-Mifflin. 453 and 552 pp. Price $10.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

POSTERITY will plunder these volumes of Colonel House's papers for that rationalization of dead energy we call history. They are rich in the inside matter from which experts construct their might-have-beens. But to the layman who lived through the World War and is still busy paying the price, they have a deeper usefulness: They enable him to compare the picture of war he was given, its advertised purposes, and the aims of its directors with the real motives, the blind forces, and the impotent leaders that were the actual facts. The lesson seems simple: that high intelligence and good will cannot act through force.

The coercions of war are too powerful to be used. The events from 1914 to 1919 were like a row of dominoes; Fate pushed the first one at Sarajevo, and the last one fell (so far as this present record goes) when Woodrow Wilson was paralyzed at Denver pleading for the League of Nations. Yet the best brains and noblest hearts tried to stop the terrible succession. Grey tried; the German Socialists tried; the Pope pleaded; the Bolsheviks made peace; Wilson sent Democracy on a crusade; House labored incessantly for peace and justice. But the War stopped only when the war stuff on one side was used up. And we won?—Versailles, born of war passions, and the League of Nations. We can only hope humbly that

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posterity will find that instrument worth the price we paid. Then, they may believe that reason and ideals do win wars.

But the picture the House record gives is of leaders, blind in a vortex, and nations guided only by fear and selfishness. Balfour confessed to House: "It is perhaps the biggest event in history, but beyond that I cannot think. I cannot grasp the details and probably will never be able to do so." And Wilson, the fulcrum on which the close of the War and all of the peace bore, crumpled. Our historian will need some one to study the disintegration of the President's nerves as part of the explanation of what happened. It began in 1917, for House quotes the President: "I am on the Mayflower . . . seeking a day or two of relief from the madness of Washington. . . . I must escape it for a little." On September 10, 1917, the diary records: "Once or twice I threw the President off his line of thought by interpolations, and he found it difficult to return to his subject. He smiled plaintively and said, 'You see, I am getting tired. This is the way it indicates itself.'" The break with House, for which the latter has no explanation whatever, can be understood in the light of some inner lesion; and so can the extraordinary lapse of memory in the President with respect to the so-called Secret Treaties. It is revealed that Balfour, House and the President must have discussed their bearing on war aims in May, 1917. Yet in 1919 Mr. Wilson declared he had not heard of them until he went to Paris.

The fact on the Treaty controversy is that they were afraid to discuss war aims for fear of a quarrel among the Allies. We had to win the War before we could discuss why it was being fought. Again, later in Paris, it is clear from Colonel House's memoranda that the United States had to sacrifice both ideals and the specific application of the Fourteen Points, to secure the League of Nations. That was the instrument by which the admitted injustices of the peace were to be redressed. Much of volume three is devoted to the drafting of our war aims and peace aims, and new light is thrown on the origin of the Fourteen Points. These were our aims. But, they had to be nullified to get the league. Then the league was rejected by the American people. Is it not clear that war, once started, laughs at intelligence and good-will?

The diplomacy of our Allies stands out clear and stark from the fascinating chapters on Colonel House's services in securing both economic and military co-operation. To get money without compromising their own plans by any promises on war aims, or letting the United States become the center of world finance. To get naval help, yet to forestall our building capital ships that would leave us too powerful after the War. To borrow millions of our youth for their bleeding battalions, yet keep us from independent military action that would mean glory and a powerful voice in the peace. In short, they used us to win the War (and their own agents reveal how near it was lost when we entered). The moment it was won, they took up where they had left off—and quoted the Secret Treaties. They could not do anything else, said Clemenceau. They were afraid.

House does not say these things. But he knew them. His education in *realpolitik* was progressive. But in spite of disillusionment, he kept striving for his ideal peace with indomitable will and ingenuity and energy. From nine to six one day in Paris, he saw forty visitors! And the brutal suspicion remains that these politicians used him for their own ends. The English grapevined through House to Wilson. Balfour 'agreed with enthusiasm" to any abstract principle, but on a pointed question like future spheres of influence in Asia Minor, he was "hazy—not altogether clear." Northcliffe boasts how Reading's "ability, charm, tact was handling these difficult people."

Yes, there is history in these important and thrilling volumes. We are behind the scenes of diplomacy where men holding incalculable power strove for what they judged good ends. But the history that counts is not the maneuvers, the bargains, the dispatches and memoranda, the plans and dreams here recorded. It is the history of the vanity of human intellect in the face of war.

LEON WHIPPLE

Mexicans Are People

THAT MEXICAN, *by Robert N. McLean. Fleming H. Revell.* 184 *pp. Price* $2.00 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

HERE is a book on Mexico that introduces us to the Mexican himself. Dr. McLean does not write from theory or a "fly-by-night" trip. He knows Mexico and the Mexicans on both sides of the border, and his Juan Garcia is a typical Indian peon. The Mexican cannot be understood without a knowledge of his background of history, racial culture, religious belief and material philosophy. Dr. McLean makes these factors clear in the opening chapters of his book. He pictures the minimum of beauty and wealth in ancient and modern Mexico, as over against the maximum of ugliness and beggary resulting from a monopoly of material, intellectual and spiritual values, controlled by a partnership of aristocracy and ecclesiasticism. He shows how this system destroyed the moral fiber of the people and assassinated their power of initiative, but nevertheless failed to obliterate from their consciousness the principles of individual freedom and social responsibility. Back of the century-revolution has been this individual protest and a growing group consciousness which has flowered in a new idea of patriotism, a new nationalism, and a re-birth of old national customs. The national soul has emerged from the dead level of oppression, and the new Mexico is the old Mexico re-born. But the new Mexico has awakened to the demands of modern progress. This is evidenced in the state and federal movements in the interest of public health, labor reform, educational progress and restoration of the land to the proletariat.

Dr. McLean shows that the immigration from Mexico to the United States during the past two years is one of the greatest racial movements in history. The American capitalistic penetration of Mexico has been matched by the Mexican

Jacket design from Dreiser Looks at Russia, in which Theodore Dreiser tells of his recent trip. (*Horace Liveright,* $5)

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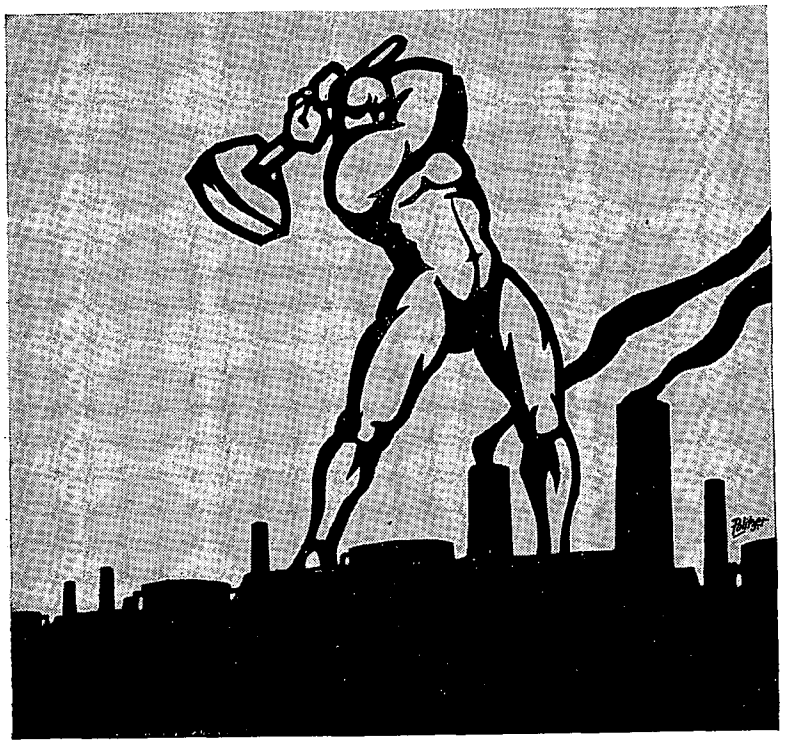

Jacket design from The Old Savage in the New Civilization, by Raymond B. Fosdick. (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50)

labor penetration of the United States. This has produced in the Southwest serious problems, in the solution of which the entire nation is interested. They include the economic waste and social peril of casual labor, creating crime and poverty, conserving ignorance and illiteracy, and prohibiting any adequate process of "Americanization." The Mexican in the Southwest is both an asset and a liability. He is an asset in certain agricultural sections, and as common labor for transportation companies. Completing the period of casual labor at one point he becomes a migrant, finally drifting into such centers as Los Angeles, El Paso, and San Antonio, where he becomes a liability. These centers bear the burden of charitable charges, which average perhaps 30 per cent of the budget, as over against a 10 per cent of Mexican population in the city of Los Angeles. In other words, agriculture, industry and transportation are being subsidized at the expense of the general public.

Hence the insistent demand for restriction of Mexican immigration, based upon the fact that the Mexican, in addition to being a heavy charge upon public funds, has an indifferent attitude toward citizenship which tends to prevent his assimilation of American ideals and customs. The average Mexican has crossed the border physically, but remains in Mexico nationally. This is partly due to his intense patriotism, but also largely to the border-line of prejudice and hatred, and a spiritual barrier of misunderstanding which prevail on this side of the line. Juan Garcia recognizes that the average citizen of the United States is interested in him merely as a "labor commodity," and that he not only has little interest in his becoming a citizen but rather prefers that he should not. The enactment of restrictive immigration would tend to compel in our agricultural sections a larger diversity of crops and the furnishing of better housing, living facilities, and a more adequate wage. This would make it desirable for the Mexican family to remain permanently in the community where he is is a productive asset. Legislation that discriminated against Mexico, however, would antagonize not only the Mexican government, but the Mexican nationals now in the United States.

In this book Dr. McLean wastes no time in discussing race relations. All through its pages we find the emphasis upon human relations. He recognizes the necessity for Mexican national sovereignty, for the struggle to develop materially, culturally and spiritually on her own side of the border, and for a study of the Mexican on this side of the border that will recognize his esthetic and cultural values, his latent resources, and the hunger for a better economic condition which brought him here. This, says Dr. McLean, is "the way of a neighbor and the path of peace."

JAMES HOFFMAN BATTEN

Pomona College

Kids With Matches

THE OLD SAVAGE IN THE NEW CIVILIZATION, *by Raymond B. Fosdick. Doubleday, Doran. 239 pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IT is only a few minutes since man first stood erect, emerged from amid the ruck of the animals and began to use sticks and stones as tools and weapons. What we are pleased to call "civilization" is a very, very thin veneer which cracks and shucks off under the slightest concussion. Once you get that fact through your head you see how patient we humorless people who smugly regard ourselves as exceptions have to be with him. All things considered, he has done pretty well. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be." Just now the more or less human race is, in J. A. Hobson's vivid phrase, "a naked Polynesian parading in top hat and spats." Carlyle in Sartor Resartus demonstrated the extent to which "Christian civilization" is a precarious affair of externals. Raymond Fosdick's devastating analysis shows, however, that this "naked Polynesian" is going altogether too fast in his elaboration of the sticks and the stones with reference to the extent to which he is developing spiritually. Mentally and emotionally still a child, he has learned to make high explosives and poison gas. As Winston Churchill said in 1924:

> Without having improved appreciably in virtue or enjoying wiser guidance, mankind has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unfailingly accomplish its own extermination. . . . Death awaits the word of command from a frail, bewildered being, long his victim, now—for one occasion only—his Master.

A black picture, sufficiently true to be terrifying to such as care about what may happen, not day after tomorrow, but at any moment. It is true, as Fosdick says, that we have no synthetic vision to guide us in the use of the material things which science has taught us how to make; essential barbarians are at the helm of social thought and action. Children in mind and emotions are playing with matches and know how to make such matches as never were before. Some of them in high places of influence and command not only are likely to set fire to the house, but even think it a good thing to do!

To be sure, as Fosdick points out, relatively sane and far-seeing persons all over the world are striving to create measures of immunization against threatening disaster—things such as the League of Nations, the World Court; and to hasten recognition of the unity of mankind in interests and purposes "a willingness to plan constructively on the basis of large loyalties," as against parochial nationalism. Such parochial nationalism as, armed with the unimaginable resources of science, just now slaughtered some 30,000,000 people in a war of all the world.

Slowly, with the leaden feet of nightmare, we are building the defenses. Fosdick looks back to the time when even John Quincy Adams and John Marshall despaired of our own young republic, and the fact that "through trial and error we have found our way to stable foundations;" but he raises the question whether there is time enough, sanity enough, intelligence enough, to catch up with and forestall the frightful speed with

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which science and invention are giving into unfit, uneducated hands the instruments of universal suicide.

Only a man in the broadest sense educated (and we have no accepted definition of that) is really benefited by what is commonly called education. Only one who has gained that self-control and poise which constitute real civilization can be entrusted safely with power. What we have added to the equipment of the savage which abides within us all, under whatever modish clothing, is mostly a vastly enhanced aptitude and power for mischief. This book of Fosdick's is to say the least immensely interesting and thought-provoking. It deserves and I think will have a wide reading.

JOHN PALMER GAVIT

Paid Uplifters

THE CONFESSIONS OF A PUZZLED PARSON, *by Bishop Charles Fiske. Scribners. 273 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THIS is a curiously disheveled book, confused and confusing, written over a period of years, the later chapters earlier under widely divergent conditions. One or two of these, humbler in tone and of somewhat reverent spirit, appear to go back to the influence of liberal men and women, active in the civic life of Baltimore, and centered more or less directly about Johns Hopkins.

The first fifty pages, on the contrary, wholly current, call for Abraham Lincoln's words inverted to read "with malice toward all, with charity for none." These chapters follow years of residence in the Syracuse of Chancellor Day, amid the propaganda of the National Association of Manufacturers, and of the Patrioteers. Here is obvious joy in the brutal profanity of an alleged general of the United States army closing with, "Damn the uplift and the uplifters" (page 20).

By an inconceivable coincidence, the author's sharp reproof administered to the National Consumers' League for sharing in the passage, in 1914, of the LaFollette seamen's bill for safety at sea (page 7), reached the reviewer on the day of the sinking of the Vestris with loss of more than one hundred lives. It is our misfortune, *not* that we strove successfully for an improved law for safety at sea in 1913 and 1914, but that the War and its aftermath made further effort in that direction hitherto vain. Surely the moral obligation of men and women who, as passengers, share indirectly in the responsibility for working conditions which mean life or death, health or disablement, to sailors on shipboard, is no less binding than the duty of the shopping public toward boys and girls who suffer from ill-guarded shafting in factories. Why single out conscientious passengers to exemplify the "pernicious activity of paid uplifters?" Have too few passengers and sailors lost their lives in 1928? Is our law for safety at sea too good as exemplified in recent practice?

Jacket design from Mary Wife of Lincoln, by Katherine Helm. (Harper, $4)

Why does a paid bishop of a Christian sect indiscriminately condemn social workers as *paid* uplifters, and denounce their work wholesale as pernicious activity? What does he mean by uplift? And by uplifters?

This question arises in the mind of a member of the Religious Society of Friends at the second line of the Foreword reading as follows:

> The thoughts about the pernicious activity of paid uplifters to which expression is given in two of these papers are not of recent date; they ceased to be doubts long ago; even in prewar days, long before the present era of persistent propaganda, they became convictions. I have seen no reason, during these years, to change my mind.

For more than two hundred years, it has been a tenet of Friends, commonly known as Quakers, that "hireling ministers," whatever their creed or sect, are intruders between God and his earthly children. Friends, in their religious worship, employ therefore no hireling ministers. From the Quaker point of view then, with what face can the salaried bishop of any sect, Catholic, Episcopalian, or Methodist, revile social workers merely because their work is paid? Would that not be the pot and the kettle?

Bishop Fiske laments the multiplicity of money-raising activities under which his sect staggers. A Quaker reviewer might ask: Why then continue the costly sectarian activity of nursing the sick in Episcopal hospitals? Why raise funds for salaries for supervising nurses in Episcopal hospital training-schools? Is their work not social? Is it not paid?

This raises the farther question: When, if ever, are social workers not "paid uplifters?" What in fact are pupil nurses of church hospitals during that part of their training when they live in secular settlements, visiting poor patients in neighboring tenement homes, under guidance of experienced secular nurses? Do the pupil nurses then receive no board, lodging and pay? For them it is unfortunate that the author did not define his terms. Incautious readers receive from him no intimation that even the graduates of Episcopal hospital training-schools are exempt from his all-inclusive denunciations of paid uplifters and their pernicious activities. As pupils and as graduates they are honorable, faithful, skillful social workers, beloved by their patients and their patients' families, esteemed by neighbors of the settlements, and by professional colleagues.

What of the Red Cross nurses? What of visiting nurses in hundreds of cities large and small? Whatever, at any time, their professional income may be, public-health nurses in all their varieties earn it at least as laboriously as any bishop can possibly earn his own. Where would the tuberculosis and cancer crusades be without them? And would Bishop Fiske wish this nation back where it was in 1900 before those crusades were begun?

If in their crowded lives any nurses should find time to read the Confessions, how bewildered they must be by Bishop Fiske's denunciations of thousands of their fellow social workers present and past.

Giving full weight to its contradictory parts, every one who knew even slightly the author in his more genial, more temperate, earlier days, must regret the publication of this farrago of vituperation.

FLORENCE KELLEY

Meeting the East

LIVING INDIA, *by Savel Zimand. Longmans, Green. 280 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

INDIA has received from Britain a vast medley of blights and blessings. Of the blights none has been more devastating to both Briton and Indian than the white man's sense of race superiority. The caste system which greeted England's arrival in India and the enlightened militarism which was the price of her sojourn there seemed at once to justify the assumption of superiority and to make it inevitable.

Politically and socially, modern India's mother is Hinduism; her father is England. The father adopted the child, but not the child the father. As the father has been an aggressive disciplinarian and certain of his own righteousness, India has developed a father-hater complex. The all-absorbing diversion

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of the World War and the unusual sympathy of Lord Harding gave promise of releasing the British rulers of their superiority and India of its father-hater attitude. But the hangover of the war psychology operating through the Rowlett Acts, General Dyer, and a handful of Indian anarchists let loose a menacing flood of intense nationalism. This was deflected to relatively harmless channels by Gandhi's unique leadership. The movement was then made impotent as the dynamic for coherent political action because it was easier for the British than for the Indians to act as a unit.

Now, out of all of these years of ferment, Mr. Zimand in Living India predicts that in a few years we shall probably witness an epoch-marking change in the relationship between Great Britain and India. There are two sets of tensions that must be adjusted in the new political machinery—the tension between Indian and Briton and that between Hindu and Mohammedan. Whether this will be brought about by the British Parliament in 1930 through the recommendations of the Simon Commission or by the adoption of the constitution which has been given to the world by the Indian All-Parties Conference, none can foretell. This decision may determine whether India will maintain her connection with England or be added to the lost dominions of the British Empire.

SAVEL ZIMAND recognizes that India's woes are not solely political. Many have been made for her by her own long past. He has no ax to grind, nor is his pen driven by the reformer's zeal. His emotions appear to be harnessed behind a central desire to see all sides and to attain that temper which is necessary if white-heat controversy is to be managed for socially desirable ends. He has given American readers a book for which they have been waiting. It will disappoint those who regard Indian civilization as superior to our own; also those who are stimulated by thinking of Indians as inferior to themselves. But for inquiring minds that know little of contemporaneous India, Mr. Zimand's interpretation will prove most timely. It fills for today somewhat the place that Ronaldshay's India, a Bird's Eye View occupied in 1923. Many readers will regret that Mr. Zimand is not still in the Orient adding further material and depth to this excellent initial introduction to modern India.

Mr. Zimand appears to recognize that Britain has been no more guilty of race prejudice than have the people of the United States in the history of their dealing with the colored races. He knows that those Indians who have risen above caste cooperate the most effectively with people of other races. He believes that Gandhi is still the mightiest spiritual force in the world today. He tells of child marriage and of other social evils with which India has long been wrestling, of the might of Hinduism, of the walls of caste, of sacred cows and holy mosques and of the frightful poverty of the masses. Yet through the pages the Indian peasant emerges not as a beast, but as a man. The Indians are a people of such stuff that when greatness appears millions follow.

Nor is Living India a wholesale denunciation of the British and of British rule. On the contrary, the superb achievements of England in India do not pass unmentioned. On their positive side Britain's service is a record of imperialism at its highest and finest. But there is something wrong with a system which so frequently transforms the very best type of Englishman into an autocrat when he passes east of Suez. It is this metamorphosed Englishman (unconsciously imitating his American cousins) who tells you of the terribly baneful results of mixed marriages, while he goes gaily on mixing cultures. He has not heard that the mere mixing of blood may be socially quite harmless; nor does he seem to realize that the mixing of cultures (which he believes can only result in the triumph of his own) may still mean a great enrichment for succeeding generations.

No social or political problems on earth approach in com-

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plexity those which confront the Indian and British people today. Happily, on both sides there are Englishmen and Indians of great insight and great disinterestedness who may yet play their effective part in showing how peoples of different colors and cultures may become genuine partners in the fine but undiscovered art of international self-government.

EDWARD C. CARTER

The Inquiry

Fred Eastman, Pioneer

MODERN RELIGIOUS DRAMA, *collected by Fred Eastman. Holt. 324 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

FRED EASTMAN pioneered when he went to the Chicago Theological Seminary to take the Department of Religious Drama. The writer is of the opinion that up to that time only one or two educational institutions had ever given credit in their graduate departments for the study of drama as an aid to and an expression of religion. Now that the idea is proving its worth, many schools and seminaries are beginning to offer courses of this general nature.

Eastman pioneered also in writing a new definition of religious drama. It is, he says, not Biblical drama, nor missionary drama, nor dramatized Bible stories, nor church propaganda thinly veiled. Rather, it is any form of drama which has a religious effect upon players and audience. To those who have grown disgusted with the weak and trashy plays and pageants which have been built up out of stereotyped religious forms in the immediate past, this new definition will come as a breath of fresh air. It is symptomatic of the wider angles in today's religion that Professor Eastman should find high religious values in drama which—like the Book of Esther—may not even mention the name of God, but which deal powerfully with the hopes and fears of His people.

And now Eastman pioneers again in assembling a group of plays which are easy to act, easy to produce, definitely religious in their effect, and withal true to the finest traditions of playmaking. There is not a poor or weak play in the collection. Neither is there a Biblical play. But there are The Neighbors, by Zona Gale, Dust of the Road, by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, The Color Line, by Irene Taylor MacNair, and ten other plays and pageants, any one of which will leave an audience tingling with a definite experience of religion.

This book is worth more than it costs, merely as a collection of excellent plays and pageants. It is worth far more than that as a text for study. Its greatest value, however, is this: It is a forecast of new values in religion, and of new sensitiveness and vigor in the social conscience.

CHARLES S. BROWN

A Caseworker Looks at Schnitzler

THERESA, *by Arthur Schnitzler. Simon & Schuster. 460 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THERESA comes to us as the sixteen-year-old daughter of a retired officer of the Austrian army and of a mother who writes weepy novels for the daily papers. She has a brother, a student, who feels superior to the family and very soon leaves them to go to Vienna to continue his studies. When the father's grandiose notions became too obvious, he is taken to a hospital for mental diseases. (We are led to suspect syphilis of the nervous system.) After this, Theresa's mother enters into a questionable mode of life and Theresa experiences a disillusionment with her first lover. She decides to go to Vienna to escape the unpleasant situation at home and the depressing atmosphere of their village.

Her life thereafter is a series of pathetic attempts to establish herself, to gain a feeling of security, and a striving to hold the love of her illegitimate child whom she hides in an ill-chosen foster home.

When Theresa found herself pregnant, and realized there was nothing she could do about it, she seemed to flounder about so unnecessarily. She shudders at the thought of going to the

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Foundling Hospital; but this social worker shuddered at the picture of Theresa giving birth to her child in the miserable bedroom without any human being there to alleviate her suffering, or at least to bathe the child after the birth. Small wonder that Theresa was moved to thoughts of murder while lying there staring at her newly-born son.

It is along this part of Theresa's chronicle that the caseworker feels herself going to Theresa and giving her the advice and friendship for which she begs the world. Actually, she receives in return only the amorous pleasures of transient lovers who leave her with a feeling of greater futility and insecurity.

Her occupation, that of a governess, serves to increase her feeling of alone-in-the-worldness. She goes from one family to another trying to become an integral part of the group but always losing out, either because one of the men in the family is attracted to her, or the mother becomes jealous of Theresa's hold on her child. Finally, she realizes that she cannot expect any amount of security in this relationship.

Schnitzler has written a masterly social case history. Theresa's life at any period offers such an excellent point of departure for discussion, that it would seem excellent material for teaching purposes. Recently, Bad Girl was used as a problem in a school of social work with a class of initiates. How much finer and greater a text this beautifully written chronicle would afford.

This caseworker cannot help flirting with the thought that had Theresa gone to the hospital to give birth to her child, she might have met an understanding social worker who could have assisted her in getting established with her child, and lessening to a great degree the tension and unhappiness she suffered. Nor can we altogether dismiss the idea that somewhere along her path, she might have been directed by chance to a children's agency for advice regarding a foster home. Nor can we entirely accept the situation of the errant son, when he is arrested for the first time. We search in vain for some casual reference to the probation officer whom we feel sure must come to the home and discuss with Theresa her delinquent son.

Perhaps our vision has become obscured by too much social work. Somehow, though, we feel justified in demanding of those who write our literature, a higher level of understanding of social problems and the obvious facilities available. Anyhow, we do enjoy the fun of trying to decide what the last half of Mr. Schnitzler's book would have been like, if the simplest social treatment had been available to Theresa.

EDITH G. SELTZER

Social Service Department
University of Pennsylvania Hospital

Mr. Wells Incorporates the World

THE OPEN CONSPIRACY, *by H. G. Wells. Doubleday, Doran. 200 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

OLD horizons in thought are moving backward so rapidly that the eye of the timid observer is apt to squint a bit. Certainly Mr. Wells, in this book, flies far enough to make the most sophisticated watcher polish his glasses. Taking off from the familiar field of individualism in all lines, he sails away over all the hitherto daring schemes of lesser group action and comes to rest on the undiscovered continent of *world* group action. From that point, he turns and calls to the rest of us to come on over and join him in The Open Conspiracy. It is very doubtful whether most of us will be able to see the solid ground under him or to hear his voice calling us. And many who hear will not care to move very far in his direction.

The essentials of The Open Conspiracy are: (1) recognition of all existing governments as merely provisional; (2) the minimizing and ultimate end of all conflicts between these governments, with their militant use of property and life; (3) replacement of all local and national ownership by a world

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directorate serving the entire human race; (4) world control of at least birth and disease; (5) world support of a minimum standard of individual freedom and welfare; (6) subordination of all personal desires to the creation of a world directorate capable of handling all the work implied by the above points.

From these six essentials, Mr. Wells manufactures what he conceives to be a new religion. And right there lies the weakness of the whole book. Religious folk for a long while have been in the process of becoming more and more world-minded. But they have not made a religion of their broader horizon; rather, the broad horizon was forced upon them, more and more, by their growing religion. But the broad horizon itself is, for Mr. Wells, the religion of the future. No God but human welfare; no salvation but human effort; no immortality but racial survival. The individual is not gloriously realized in social effort; he is simply swallowed up, lost in the racial will. This is humanism de luxe. If it be true, as Mr. Wells states, that a minority group of simple religious folk are the trellis upon which every civilization has to hang, it may well be wondered where the trellis for The Open Conspiracy is coming from.

CHARLES S. BROWN

Morals for Today

THE NEW MORALITY, *by Durant Drake. Macmillan. 359 pp. Price $2.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

"PHILOSOPHY for the layman" is the purpose of the series to which Professor Drake contributes this study. He pleads for conduct motivated not by the teachings of authority, but by the desire to promote demonstrable happiness. He holds that though the traditional moral codes have often enshrined profound insights and done much good, nevertheless, an age of science finds them quite inadequate if not positively harmful. He welcomes, albeit with certain reservations, the moral skepticism of our day because he is convinced that out of it will emerge more intelligent—and therefore more readily acceptable—conceptions of right living.

He is unable to go with the moral anarchists in dismissing morality as mere convention. Much as standards vary with time and place and individual bias, the quest of general principles making for successful living is not all hopeless. To the fundamentalists, Dr. Drake points out how largely the rebellion of today is due to their unwillingness to recognize where life has changed. Both types of extremists will find many of his pages unwelcome. But for this very reason the book should prove all the more useful; for its object is less to draw up a code than to stimulate thinking upon the need to shape and reshape increasingly better programs.

This is not the place to debate the hedonism which the author accepts as his philosophy of life. Beliefs which he dismisses as mystical ethics, and even the supernatural ethics which he rejects, are not wholly the result of human error. They are attempts to meet difficulties which the happiness philosophy does not. Just why, for example, was a utilitarian like Mill impelled to say, "It is better to be a Socrates dissatisfied than a pig satisfied"? Felix Adler's spiritual view of marriage, which Dr. Drake bans as mystical, is far from blind to the actualities emphasized by Ben Lindsey. The layman for whom the author is writing will get little understanding from these pages of how some of the ablest minds through the ages, by no means reactionary, have been hauntd by problems to which the answer "happiness" or even "intelligence" is unsatisfying.

But howsoever some readers may wish certain of Dr. Drake's expressions of dissent had been couched in other terms (e.g. the reference to "sour-grapes philosophy" on page 39 is a piece of Nietzscheanism which can scarcely be called scientific), the major part of the book discusses ably a program which the social-minded will endorse heartily. Lawlessness, marital failure, corrupt politics, selfish business, privilege, suppression of opinion, poisoned journalism, the evils of nationalism, race prejudice, are all treated with a refreshing frankness and presented as challenges to the creative spirit of youth. One quotation will suffice to illustrate the author's faith that a better education than today's will release and enlighten the idealistic energies of our young people:

Human nature is not necessarily as bad as we are *making* it by putting these glittering cash prizes before our youth. Is not one

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HENRY NEUMANN

Ethical Culture Society, Brooklyn

Voyaging with Ross

WORLD DRIFT, *by Edward A. Ross. Century. 223 pp. Price $2.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

ONCE more Professor Ross steps out of the formal role of sociologist and romps in the garrulous field of journalism. World Drift is a collection of articles, papers and rambling comments on life and living as observed by the author in his roamings about the world. He starts out by answering in an optimistic affirmative the question eternal: "Is the world getting better or worse?" In the next two chapters, where he writes about "Who outbreeds whom?" and "Slow suicide among our native stock," he is the pessimist wondering what the so-called "superior" classes are coming to. Superior folks are those who go to college. Inferior folks are the hod-carriers and shovel-stiffs, and they breed too fast. One wonders, when he reads these trembling words about the dysgenic effects of the differential birth-rate, just how scientific these alarmed folks are when they talk about inferiors and superiors. It seems to me that Professor Ross has joined the ranks of the careless in the use of those references to inferior and superior classes.

But the book contains other chapters and some of them, especially those on India and China, are delightful. On the whole, World Drift is worth reading if one is careful to distinguish Ross the Journalist and Ross the humanist from Ross the sociologist.

NELS ANDERSON

Seth Low College

The Essence of Dewey

THE PHILOSOPHY OF JOHN DEWEY, *selected and edited by Joseph Ratner. Holt. 560 pp. Price $4.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

HERE, for the first time in a systematic and inclusive fashion, we have John Dewey's philosophy. Strange, though he is America's leading philosopher, he has never organized his doctrines into one complete statement. He has spent thirty-five years presenting facets, but never the whole in any one place. He has written of psychology, logic, ethics, aesthetics, epistemology, metaphysics, the history of philosophy and the philosophy of education. All these writings have taken the form of special treatments of their subjects. The nearest to any such complete treatment is his Experience and Nature; but even there the theme is so vast that many phases of a general philosophy had to be ignored or dealt with in a word. Once, elsewhere, he has given a rather comprehensive statement of his philosophical point of view, at least by implication namely, in his Democracy and Education; but the philosophers have scarcely thought a book with that title lay within their field.

For this reason, few students of Professor Dewey's specific interests, e.g., ethics or education, have ever achieved clear impressions of his doctrines as a whole, or understood the general implications of those doctrines. For this reason, too many contemporary writers, like Lewis Mumford and Waldo Frank, have misconstrued those doctrines because they have failed to consider all their facets.

Dr. Ratner, the editor of this volume, has therefore performed a real service, both to the philosophical world and to laymen interested in philosophical matters, by giving us this comprehensive organization of selected materials. Through eighteen fascinating chapters the argument runs. It begins with the consideration of method, and the foundations of metaphysics in view of the naturalism of our times. It goes on to the study of the natural history of mind, and the emergence in favor of peace, the idea of the League of Nations—a

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American idea although not acknowledged by the American people—the outlawry of war, the voluntary renunciation of concessions in China: from such a standpoint all these actions are looked upon as means to an end, and this end expansion, satisfaction of imperialistic ambition. Of course, there are people in the United States who really take this attitude; of course, the war industries support this opinion—but there are such people in every country. They are not truly representative. I firmly believe that the American people are peace-loving, for humane reasons and as a democratic nation; for practical reasons, because they have room for their people and need no territorial expansion; because they have every inducement to support settled conditions which promise prosperity.

For Germany a peace policy is the only conceivable line of action. Europe has many a crisis ahead; but we are unlikely to enforce any of our demands by threat of war. Indeed, we are beginning to develop new methods in our foreign policy; questions are no longer looked upon as questions of power only. For example, we do not use our minorities in other countries as political instrumentalities; we have not allied ourselves with other dissatisfied powers to enforce revision of the peace treaties. And we are determined to keep the peace. If we want a good relationship with the United States we must hope that the peace-loving part of the people, the women, the farmers, the workmen, will take the lead. We want America as an ally in this peace work; we want the United States to be interested in Europe, not to be embroiled in European quarrels.

JOSEPH K. HART

University of Wisconsin

Uncle Sam—Artist

THE AMERICAN RENAISSANCE, *by R. L. Duffus. Knopf. 321 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

OUR bias for the great European epoch being what it is, our reception of a promise of a renaissance in America can hardly be lukewarm; especially when the historical sense is able to acquiesce in the basis of the prophecy. Says Mr. Duffus:

> Politics has lost its elemental importance for us. There are no more discoveries to be made, no new lands to conquer. Our economic life is hardening into patterns. The channels into which our violent energies can be turned are fewer. . . . Is it incredible that we should turn to the arts, and there write in our scrawling masculine characters the name of America beside the names of Italy and Greece?

The vision is the vision of Walt Whitman, but the thought and the method are those of the Carnegie Foundation. The most natural question, in connection with a new and great art comparable to the sculpture of Praxiteles and the frescoes of Michaelangelo, would be directed to its spiritual content. The procedure of the seer would be an analysis of spiritual potentiality. The very first pages reveal, on the contrary, that The American Renaissance is an inquiry into the teaching and practice of art in American colleges, art schools, and museums.

A sane, well-tempered book, but disappointing and disquieting! What has befallen our "Renaissance"? Pale indeed are its beginnings if this be all. Mr. Duffus seems certain that it is a machine-determined art that is next in the line of development; that is, a machine-inspired aesthetics. Most trends in modern America point to a compensation art, instead. Mr. Duffus has forgotten the moving-picture; the theater is, with a few notable exceptions, romantic; commercial art, our mass-production ordered painting, "glorifies." Industrialism, as is quite apparent, determines the American life but does not inspire it. Neither the worker nor the employer thinks of the machine with affection (here and there a mechanic or an air-hero may); and the reason is sociological. It is not the machine but the fruit thereof that delights the American; and for the vast majority even the fruit is not a quality sufficient to invite a fond and ecstatic appreciation of the industrial system.

For an industrial art of magnitude, the emotional roots that would come of workers' control and workers' ownership are absolutely lacking. In Russia alone at present, whether it be delusion or not, is it possible for local or national life to be stirred to creativeness—refreshing and naïve—by the fate of a locomotive or the angles of a steel structure; and it is significant that in America the few who have coped with machine-art

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Schools and Colleges

(*Continued on page* 458)

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have been revolutionists—like Louis Lozowick—who anticipate a different social environment and have their eyes fixed on the future or on the Kremlin.

No! Colleges and art schools to the contrary, there is no great art brewing at present. Leisure and affluence conditioned by the habit of enterprise alone may produce a highly interesting, subtle and variegated *eclecticism;* and should a realistic art prevail, it may be *contemporaneous*—it cannot be vital.

JOHN WALDHORN GASSNER

The Twain Do Meet!

DEFENCE OF THE WEST, *by Henri Massis. Harcourt, Brace. 260 pp. Price $3.00 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

AT a moment when practically every discussion of the safety of European civilization faces west and talks in terms of economics and finance, a book which brushes aside these questions as being of only transient importance and finds the really dangerous problem in the influx of certain eastern ideas, cannot fail to be arresting. As a treatment of the world situation, The Defence of the West, by Henri Massis, is unquestionably incomplete; no work can be more than partial which leaves England and America as negligently on one side as this one does—his West to be defended is essentially France. But the possibilities apply elsewhere.

What M. Massis considers supremely worth defending is a belief in the twin importance of individual personality and a social order whose hierarchy is regulated by a morally accepted code of law. He maintains that the life of the Orient, and particularly of India, is based on ideas squarely opposed to these. It is inchoate. The eastern world is a world of no order, where power is merely force; the resulting despotism is essentially lawless; the social structure takes no cognizance of a moral basis in the common man. The spiritual side of life is equally anarchic; it is a religion of isolation, where the quest of the highest good moves the individual to a progressive elimination of his identity.

But the inchoate East is now also the insurgent East. Recipient of a suddenly transferred heritage of nineteenth century liberalism, the Orient is becoming in its turn nationalist and imperialist. The ideas of sedentary ages now have an aggressive force behind them; western weapons are being turned upon their sources. The strategic possibilities of a penetration of Asia into Europe are at the moment greater than for centuries.

The problem is thus brought directly onto the European scene. Among the men of ideas whom one finds intrigued the names of Keyserling and Rolland alone suffice to show the gains made by Oriental ideology. They are typical of a vastly greater number of men who lost their direction in the years of the War and the after-war. These are now turning for succour back to the East, back to the undifferentiated matrix of the race. The evil from which they flee is very real. The present social structure of the West is distorted by materialism, expressed alike in an anarchic nationalism and a deadening industrialism. But the distortion is not an essential part of the West. Europe has not always been broken up into warring states of wealth-grabbing citizens. Only since the Reformation have the fundamental ideas of its heritage been obscured. The twin ideas of the individual with an intrinsic validity and the ordered community apart from which the individual is meaningless, are the keystone of Catholicism. It is a rediscovery of this integrated unity of the West, and not a return to the anarchic uniformity of the East, which is the present necessity of the European world.

M. Massis thus turns out to be a Neo-Thomist. His ideal for European reconstruction is the spiritual and social ideal of the Catholic Church, into which have been welded the fruits of Greek and Latin intelligence. Whether or not one accepts the form of his solution, his thesis cannot but command reflection. Its two main points are these: The economic and financial questions which hold the field of contemporary European discussion are merely surface phenomena whose depth lies in a loss of the idea of community. And since that idea of community grew first of all in Europe, Europe herself is the spot where the seed must be found for its replanting.

H. D. HILL

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all else, the anomalous, impossible situation of Indian property rights has been proclaimed. Properties aggregating a billion and a half dollars, income exceeding sixty million a year, is administered outside every control of law. The bureau guardian is immune from court review, endowed with plenary authority. Never until this present investigation began has this guardian even been called to account by Congress. His powers over the Indian person are equally plenary, equally unaccountable and lawless. For the United States to have tolerated such an arrangement, forcing it on a race in its own midst and on a territory a hundred thousand miles square, is identical with inviting and legitimizing in advance all the human horrors now being displayed to a Congress and a nation that have no right to be shocked. Through every hearing has run the Indian outcry against a slavery whose chains are stronger though less visible than iron. The Indian status must be reconstructed; constitutional rights must be effectually bestowed, and first of all the right to due process of law; and, in the operation, the United States must not escape from its historical obligations and its obligations under a hundred living treaties with Indian groups.

The third, and probably the most useful, suggestion came from the Indians themselves, in testimony at the Klamath reservation. Briefly, they urged that the tribal property be delivered to the incorporated tribe; that the same incorporated body be authorized to buy and hold the trust allotments of its members; the government of the corporation to be in the hands of its members as stockholders; the sale of stock, for an experimental period at least, to be permitted only from the Indian shareholder back to the Indian corporation; and the continuing guardianship to be exerted solely over the corporation, through a receivership under the United States court or an administrative board jointly named by the tribe, the court and the President.

For all Indians, incorporated and unincorporated, there would exist (as later suggested at the Riverside hearings) a board of initiative and control to be named by the several cabinet officers properly concerned with Indian matters, and by the Smithsonian Institution, subject to confirmation by the president and the Senate. Thus, the Department of Agriculture would name a specialist, and the Interior Department (because of the Reclamation Service and Bureau of Education), and the Department of Justice, and the Treasury Department (because of the Public Health Service). Such a board of initiative and control, and the executives under it, would replace the existing Indian Bureau. With the enactment of the suggestions one and two above, but especially with the application of the tribal incorporation idea, this board of control would have a coordinating and experimenting rather than an administrating duty. Indian energies would have been released, Indian assets would have been constitutionally safeguarded, Indian enterprise would have been empowered through modern corporate arrangements.

I DID not myself testify at the Senate hearings, but I may add this thought. Indian problems and needs are as manyided as human life. History and present wrongs have created n artificial situation making the Indian problem (whether it e considered important or unimportant among other problems) iore complicated, possibly, than any other matter now conronting our government. There is not, cannot be, one sufficient anacea, though there are prerequisites which must be conceded efore any empirical solutions can be hopefully tried.

Moral indignation, pity, horror the facts do call for—never efore, in all the years of wrongs toward Indians, as now. urely they will be provided—moral indignation, pity and hor-or. They may become great enough to sweep a faithless ndian Bureau out of political control.

Then there will be ahead, the task of building: new methods, ew ideals, new men and a new day. Since the presidential ominations, friends of the Indians have been sure that there ould be a new day. What an opportunity Mr. Hoover has; nd can it be doubted that he will use it?

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This issue of Survey Graphic gives flashes upon the present horrors which exist and tells the breathless hope that has come. Legal help to the Pueblos is recapturing for these most ancient and representative Indians thousands of irrigated acres and compensation of hundreds of thousands of dollars to buy new land and establish a new economic foundation. Legal aid and publicity have at last achieved freedom for Indian religious teaching and ceremonies.

The Indian Bureau's present attempt to seize from the Pueblos one half million dollars to pay for flood control benefits to Albuquerque and other white towns must be fought in court, Louis Marshall being the voluntary attorney for Indian Defense and for the Indians. The disfranchisement of Navajo, Pima, Papago, and Apache tribes through a decision by the Arizona Supreme Court must be fought, if need be, to the highest Federal court.

The service to Indians at Washington must be intensified. Funds for the Indian Defense work are needed *desperately*. Voluntary workers are needed. Membership five dollars. Larger contributions are earnestly invited.

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NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Wiley H. Swift, acting general secretary, 215 Fourth Avenue, New York. To improve child labor legislation; to conduct investigation in local communities; to advise on administration; to furnish information. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100 ncludes monthly publication, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION INC. (est. 1912, incorp. 1914), 70 Fifth Ave., N.Y.C. (tel. Algonquin 9690). Promotes as its chief object the building of character in the children of America through the harmonious development of their bodies, minds, and spirits. Its method is, in cooperation with other organizations, to originate and disseminate educational material in the form of posters, books, bulletins, charts, slides, and insignia. Through its "Knighthood of Youth" it provides homes, schools and church schools with a method of character training through actual practice. Officers: Dr. John H. Finley, Pres.; Charles F. Powlison, Gen. Sec'y.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC.—Dr. William H. Welch, honorary president; Dr. Charles P. Emerson, president; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, medical director; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, secretary; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, mental and nervous disorders, feebleminded-ness, epilepsy, inebrity, delinquency, and other mental problems in human behavior, education, industry, psychiatric social service, etc. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $3.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin" monthly, $1.00 a year.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE ON VISITING TEACHERS—8 West 40th St., New York. H. W. Nudd, Chairman; Jane F. Culbert, Sec'y. Maintains field staff for advisory service. Recommends candidates for positions and awards fellowships.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Porter R. Lee, president, New York, N. Y.; Howard R. Knight, sec'y, 277 E. Long St., Columbus, Ohio. The conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fifty-sixth annual meeting of the Conference will be held in San Francisco, California from June 26th to July 3rd, 1929. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL COUNCIL, CHURCH MISSION OF HELP—27 West 25th St., New York. Agency of the Episcopal Church dealing with problems of unadjusted youth through social case work method. Seventeen units have been established, maintaining staffs of trained case workers in nine states.

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DIRECTORY OF SOCIAL AGENCIES

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NATIONAL FEDERATION OF DAY NURSERIES—Mrs. Hermann Biggs, President. Purpose to disseminate knowledge to all nurseries. Office, 105 East 22nd St., New York City.

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To create and stimulate health consciousness and responsibility among the colored people in their own health problems.
To recruit, help educate and place young colored women in public health work.
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THE SHUT-IN SOCIETY, INC.—Mrs. George Alexander Brown, president, Mrs. Thomas D. Rambaut, secretary and treasurer. Headquarters, 129 East 34th Street, New York City. A national society organized 52 years ago to give cheer and comfort to cripples, chronic invalids, and the blind. Membership: Shut-in Members, 25c. annually, Associate Members, $1.00 annually, Sustaining Members, $5.00 or more annually, and Life Members, $25. The Society loans wheel chairs and maintains 3 Exchanges for the handiwork of Shut-in members, in New York, 129 E. 34th Street, in Philadelphia, Pa., and in Cincinnati, Ohio. Monthly publication The Open Window.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE—An institution for the training of Negro Youth; an experiment in race adjustment in the Black Belt of the South; furnishes information on all phases of the race problem and of the Tuskegee idea and methods; Robert R. Moton, principal; W. H. Carter, treasurer; A. L. Holsey, secretary, Tuskegee Institute, Ala.

THE WOMEN'S FOUNDATION FOR HEALTH, Inc.—370 Seventh Ave., New York. Lenna L. Means, M.D., Med. Dir. To create, among the apparently well, an individual and community health consciousness by interpreting the technique of the health examination and a definitely prescribed health building program with Positive Health as the ultimate goal. Official Text: Handbook on Positive Health, $1.50. Courses in Good Body Mechanics adapted to group and individual needs.

WORKER'S EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—A cooperative Educational Agency for the promotion of Adult Education among Industrial Workers. 476 West 24th Street, New York City. Spencer Miller, Jr., Secretary.

WHEN WE WERE FLAMING YOUTH

(*Continued from page* 408)

was first presented by my college fraternity. Later it was revised and produced nobly by the University Club—the authorship being concealed, because the author happened to be the Progressive candidate for state's attorney just at that time. But in 1912, it was not suspected that a song-writer could be wafted into office on his own melodies. We were trying to convince the voters that an earnest young man, aged thirty-one, would make a better prosecutor of crooked politicians than a seasoned veteran of politics. The voters were not convinced.

Just what had transformed a pleasure-seeking, fairly prosperous lawyer, with a conservative clientele, into a reform candidate, is hard to describe briefly. Perhaps it may be called mental indigestion. It had become quite clear to me in the first years of practice that I didn't want to serve the people who would pay me best for serving them. The legal sophistries which are available to justify any sort of conduct, so that a client can be supported in anything he does, would sicken any intelligent person who had not been rendered immune through a long course of mental poisoning.

My early resentments at a low professional standard were expressed in an article that appeared in The Atlantic Monthly in 1909, entitled The Lawyer's Function. The law as a philosophical study is very interesting. The law as a system of workable rules of human conduct is a project worthy of the highest endeavor. But that modern practice of the law, which calls principally for mental ingenuity to help a client do anything he wants to do, seemed to me intellectually one of the most degrading occupations in the category of respectable employments. It seemed that the super-lawyer should have the brains of a Machiavelli, the hide of a walrus, and no moral convictions whatsoever! Yet from a wide acquaintance with those who have made money and achieved some reputation at the bar, and from my own experience, I know that it is possible to succeed to a reasonable extent without approaching or even respecting the qualities which would seem to stamp one's services with the highest market value.

As an early symptom of revolt, I published articles in 1906 and 1907 showing that if any one wanted to stop corporate lawbreaking, it could be done by imprisoning a corporation—that is, by putting it into receivership under government control, just as an individual is punished by a similar imprisonment. At the suggestion of President Roosevelt, I discussed this procedure with Attorney-general Moody. The proposal was widely considered; it was pronounced a genuine "cure-all" for corporate evils by the government's chief expert on trust prosecutions. Years later I drafted a bill embodying this remedy, which was introduced into Congress by Victor Murdock, the Progressive Party leader, with the approval of Roosevelt. But, of course, the idea is clearly "impractical," because the careful observer will note that one of the principal uses of a corporation is to provide a means whereby men can escape civil and criminal liability for wrong-doing. Therefore, when the law is written in order to create irresponsibility, why change it to create responsibility?

Observing, along the same line, in my law practice, how some little fellow was always made a scapegoat whenever big fellows were caught in crookedness, I thought people would be interested in knowing how this was done. So I began to write a book on the subject, in my evenings, translating a lot of facts into the form of fiction. I think this book must have started me on a "reform" career. To begin with, I had to give up my games and parties and lots of good times in order to write. This helps one develop a martyr complex, which every reformer should have in some degree. Writing down an incoherent revolt tends to strengthen (*Continued on page* 464)

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